

# THE DIAL

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## A POINT OF DEPARTURE.

Mr. Lang once remarked, in his airy way, that the man who really cares for books reads them all. This, we believe, was said *à propos* of some discussion or other about the "hundred best books," or about "courses of reading," or about "the pursuit of literature as a means of culture." The theme has many names and guises, but in all of them it remains the same old theme. The anxious inquirer, when he seeks counsel of the pundits as to how he may save the literary

soul within him (assuming that he has such an organ), is given lists of books, that he by no means wants to read, and well-worn tags, dated from Bacon to Ruskin, upon the philosophy of the subject. Despairing of these abstract instructions, he suppresses his budding aspirations, and falls stolidly back upon the diet of husks so freely, and in some aspects so alluringly, set before him by the public prints of the day.

The young man or woman who has been the victim of systematic literary instruction in the schools is in little better case. He has been supplied with critical standards, but they constitute to him no more than a barren formulary; he has read the history of literature, which may have stored his memory with names and titles, but has not enriched him with spiritual gifts. Stretched upon the Procrustean bed of literary study, his members have lost their freedom of action, or have been ruthlessly lopped off because they did not fit the structure. The annals of dead and alien periods have been displayed before a mind quivering with vital impulses, and his interest in the poets has been suppressed by the historical and philological pedantries which their proper study entails, as he is given to understand it. That literature might yet become for him the very bread of life is the last thought with which he lays aside the books which have presented it to him in so unsympathetic and repellant a fashion.

What may be done to save the soul thus so nearly lost? The question is one of the most serious ones possible, and whoever succeeds in finding the right answer to it is sure of both appreciation and gratitude. Probably the first delusion to be dismissed is that any one answer, or even any hundred answers, will prove adequate. The matter is one for individual diagnosis and prescription, not for the application of general rules. Or rather, this delusion, rightly viewed, is the synthesis of all the special delusions that take the form of book-lists, and study-courses, and culture-systems. As for Mr. Lang's easy dictum, that is obviously a counsel of perfection for the few, a *petitio principii* for the many. The problem is not how to deal with those who truly care for books—they may safely be left to their own explorations—but how to help those who might learn to care for books under sympathetic and intelligent guid-

ance. And it must frankly be admitted that a considerable fraction of those upon whom the experiment may be made will be found finally incapable of anything like a genuine love for literature, even when we frame a highly catholic definition of that expression. This atrophy of faculty is, however, in many cases more apparent than real, and it behooves us all to do what we can to promote the activity of the function when its failure is the result of either early abuse or lack of opportunity.

We make no claim of profundity for such suggestions as we have to offer for the suitable treatment of these patients, and shall be quite satisfied if our remarks rescue a few young people here and there from the malpractice under which they have suffered hitherto. The heart of every person of sensibility goes out toward the many unfortunates who, under the impression that they are acquiring culture, and that the value of the acquisition must be proportional to the painfulness of the effort, are to-day toiling with artificially-planned courses of reading, or plodding through such formidable works as Grote's "History of Greece" and Carlyle's "Frederick the Great" and Ruskin's "Modern Painters"—to say nothing of such works as the "Mahabharata" and the "Kalevala" and the "Niebelungenlied," which choice exotics invariably blossom in the "gay parterre" of every conspectus of the world's best literature as recommended for earnest minds. Something better than this, surely, it is within the power of ordinary intelligence to commend and urge; the case calls for homely simples far more than it does for the ransacking of the pharmacopœia in search of strange remedies.

Our notion is, briefly, that interest and sympathy form the basis of all good advice about reading. Even so admirable a treatise as that of Mr. Frederic Harrison upon "The Choice of Books" will not do much for the mind untutored and astray. Far more may be done by some simple suggestion, in the line of an interest already existing, made by some person with a sympathetic insight into the workings of the inquirer's mind. This is the method by which library workers are to-day throughout the country stimulating young readers, and unobtrusively leading them into the pleasant paths of literature. This is the method which teachers in the schools should employ, and doubtless would employ, were it not for the paralyzing restrictions imposed upon them by courses of study and lists of books for required reading. The framers of these deadly devices will have much to answer

for when they are called to account for their misdeeds before the bar of judgment.

The philosophical basis of this method is of the simplest, and persuasion rather than force is its watchword. It assumes that everyone who has read at all has developed *some* special interests, and that these interests may be deepened by judicious counsel. It should not be difficult to divert by degrees the mind that has found pleasure in the tinsel and pinchbeck of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" to the sterling joys provided by Scott, or the mind that has found satisfaction in the cheap buffoonery of "David Harum" to the immortal art of Dickens. Taking the existent interest as the point of departure, and always working upward upon the line of least resistance, more may be accomplished than is readily imagined, far more, certainly, than may be accomplished by viewing the subject of the experiment *de haut en bas*, and expecting his tastes to conform immediately to standards that are to be achieved only after extensive reading and the exercise of much discriminating judgment.

If something be asked for a little more comprehensive than this process of replacing a poor novel by a better one, we offer for our final suggestion the following device. Take as the point of departure some book of the highest character that it is safe to choose, and one selected because it has the twofold merit of appealing to an already established interest of the reader and of tending to awaken broader interests of an allied nature. Then map out a plan of further reading for the express purpose of fortifying these dawning new interests, until by insensible degrees a new and widened horizon shall be found to have replaced the old contracted one. Many works of historical fiction, for example, are rich in these radiating interests, and might be made nuclei for a growth of culture that should be at once painless and profitable. "Westward Ho!" "The Cloister and the Hearth," and "Henry Esmond" may be given as illustrations. Or, if it be safe to venture upon something more serious than a novel as the point of departure, how effective a use might be made of such a book as Trelawney's memorials of Byron and Shelley, or one of Mr. Morley's studies of the French philosophers, or a volume of Symonds's history of the Italian renaissance! What vistas each of these books unfolds to an active mind, and what rich pastures does it open to cultivation! And how easy it would be, in pursuit of this plan, under skilful guidance, to acquire almost without knowing it a fruitful acquaintance with one of the most significant periods in the life of mankind!

### THE DELIGHTS OF INDISCRIMINATE READING.

A choice instance of a mind edacious of all human knowledge is found in Dr. John Brown's uncle by marriage, Mr. Robert Johnston, an elder in the church of his brother-in-law and Dr. Brown's father, the Rev. John Brown, and a merchant and "portioner" in the little Lanarkshire village of Biggar—as we learn from the author of "Rab and his Friends." This Johnston, as is related at some length in the first volume of "Spare Hours," not only intermeddled fearlessly with all knowledge, but made himself master of more learning, definite and exhaustive, in various departments, than do many university scholars in their own chosen specialties. "Mathematics, astronomy, and especially what may be called *selenology* or the doctrine of the moon, and the higher geometry and physics; Hebrew, Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin, to the veriest rigors of prosody and metre; Spanish and Italian, German, French, and any odd language that came in his way; all these he knew more or less thoroughly," writes his admiring nephew, "and acquired them in the most leisurely, easy, cool sort of way, as if he grazed and browsed perpetually in the field of letters, rather than made formal meals, or gathered for any ulterior purpose his fruits, his roots, and his nuts—he especially liked mental nuts—much less bought them from anyone." Every personage in Homer, great or small, heroic or comic, he knew as well as he knew the village doctor or shoemaker; and he made it a matter of conscience to read the Homeric poems through once every four years. Tacitus, Suetonius, Plutarch, Plautus, Lucian, and nobody knows how many other classical and post-classical authors, he was familiar with, together with such moderns as Boccaccio, Cervantes (whose "Don" he knew almost by heart), Addison, Swift, Fielding, Goldsmith, Walter Scott, down even to Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Ferrier.

But not with the characters of history and fiction alone was this village shop-keeper on intimate terms. All the minutest personal gossip of the parish, one is partly grieved and partly amused to relate, was relished and assimilated by him. Poachers and ne'er-do-wells appealed to his sympathies, while on the other hand no one could more keenly enjoy a learned doctrinal discussion with the parish minister. "This singular man," continues the chronicler, "came to the manse every Friday evening for many years, and he and my father discussed everything and everybody;—beginning with tough, strong head work—a bout at wrestling, be it Caesar's Bridge, the Epistles of Phalaris, . . . the Catholic question, or the great roots of Christian faith; ending with the latest joke in the town or the *West Rave*, the last effusion of Affleck, tailor and poet, the last blunder of Æsop the apothecary, and the last repartee of the village fool, with the week's Edinburgh and Glasgow news by their respective carriers; the whole little life, sad and

humorous—who had been born, and who was dying or dead, married or about to be, for the past eight days." This "firm and close-grained mind," independent of all authority except reason and truth, quick to detect weakness, fallacy, or unfairness, and ever insistent upon accuracy and clear thinking, served as a sort of whetstone on which the minister sharpened his wits at these weekly sittings. Of the bodily aspect of this interesting man one is glad to be told something. Short and round, homely and florid, he was thought by his nephew to bear a probable resemblance to Socrates. Careless in his dress, he habitually carried his hands in his pockets, and was a great smoker, and indulged in much more than the Napoleonic allowance of sleep. He had a large, full skull, a humorous twinkle in his cold blue eye, a soft low voice, great power of quiet but effective sarcasm, and large capacity of listening to and enjoying other men's talk, however small. It will readily be inferred that he was untroubled by the itch of authorship. Like the cactus in the desert, always plump, always taking in the dew of heaven, he cared little to give it out. Nevertheless, from first to last, many magazine articles and a few pamphlets, dealing with questions of the day, dropped from his pen; but such a man, as his nephew says, is never best in a book: he is always greater than his work.

There comes to mind another and much earlier devourer of all sorts of then-existent book-learning, but one possessed of far less pith and character, independent judgment, and power of observation, than our canny Scotchman. Marsilio Ficino, the Florentine, contemporary with Cosimo de' Medici, and placed by him over the Platonic Academy which the nobleman had founded not long before, distinguished himself by his ardent pursuit of all knowledge, but especially of that quintessence of all knowledge which we call philosophy. Though a Canon of St. Lorenzo and the avowed champion of Christian philosophy, he is said to have kept a lamp burning before Plato's bust, and it is certain that he produced a Latin translation of Plato's works that is still held in high esteem. Extending his studies over the entire field of ancient literature, as Professor Villari tells us, Ficino eagerly devoured the works of every sage of antiquity. Aristotelians, Platonists, Alexandrians, all were read by him with untiring zeal. He sought out the remains of Confucius and Zoroaster—and be it noted that this was in the middle of the fifteenth century, when such a search was something far different from what it is now in the twentieth. Leaping from one age to another, from this philosophic system to that, he welcomed all learning as grist to his mill. Not only did he become a living dictionary of ancient philosophy, so that his works are practically an encyclopædia of the philosophic doctrines known up to his time, but he was also versed in natural science, so far as such knowledge was then obtainable, and had received from his father some training in medicine. He is especially interesting, however, as the incarnation of that spirit of exultation that was



aroused throughout Europe by the discovery of the literary treasures of antiquity. There is enough that is likable in him, as portrayed in Professor Villari's work on Savonarola, to make us forgive the incurable pedantry of the man. For pedant he certainly was, so stuffed with ill-digested learning that he had lost the power of independent thought and was never content until he could make his ideas, if he had any, square with Plato, or with Aristotle, or even with some ancient skeptic or materialist. And so we leave him, sadly deficient in native faculty, but possessed of an admirable thirst for knowledge.

Still another choice spirit, to whom nothing human was devoid of interest, is that genial hypochondriac who, to cure himself of melancholy, wrote one of the most fascinating, as it is one of the most fantastic, works of literature. Of the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy" far too little is known. But there is in the "Athenæ Oxonienses" a quaint characterization of the man that is worth much. "He was," says Wood, as quoted in the "Dictionary of National Biography," "an exact mathematician, a curious calculator of nativities, a general read scholar, a thorough-paced philologist, and one that understood the surveying of lands well. As he was by many accounted a severe student, a devourer of authors, a melancholy and humorous person, so by others who knew him well a person of great honesty, plain dealing and charity. I have heard some of the antients of Christ Church often say that his company was very merry, facete and juvenile, and no man of his time did surpass him for his ready and dexterous interlarding his common discourse among them with verses from the poets or sentences from classical authors." Bishop Kennet, quoted also in the "Dictionary," says of Burton that "in an interval of vapours" he was wont to be extremely cheerful, after which he would fall into such a state of despondency that he could only get relief by going to the bridge-foot at Oxford and hearing the barge-men swear at one another, "at which he would set his hands to his sides and laugh most profusely"; which will perhaps recall to some the passage in Burton's preface relating a similar practice attributed to Democritus. Burton died at or very near the time he had foretold some years before in calculating his nativity. Wood records a report, current among the students, that he had "sent up his soul to heaven thro' a noose about his neck," in order not to falsify his calculation. Beneath his bust in Christ Church Cathedral, where he was buried, is this curious epitaph, composed by himself: "Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus, hic jacet Democritus Junior, cui vitam dedit et mortem Melancholia."

To the eager devourer of all knowledge, the charm of this incomprehensible universe of ours is in one important respect much like the charm of a living person: it lies largely in what is below the surface and only approximately and doubtfully attainable by shrewd conjecture. In a human being it is found in those reserves of personality that constitute

so large a fraction of true manhood and womanhood. Should the cosmic scheme ever be so immodest as to lay bare its secret to our gaze, we should be literally shocked to death. Thus the fascination that lures to the pursuit of ultimate truth is the fascination of the unattainable. With the enlargement of one's sphere of knowledge, the surface presented to the encompassing Unknowable, to use Herbert Spencer's figure, is correspondingly increased; whereby one's sense of awe and mystery and wonder is by so much deepened and intensified. And although the further one progresses in knowledge, the more profound becomes one's conviction of ignorance, nevertheless there is a wholesome satisfaction in learning how little we really know. To attain at last to something like a clear and comprehensive survey of the variety and profundity of our ignorance, is well worth the price of a lifetime spent in study. To master the domain of human knowledge (to say nothing now of ultimate truth) is no longer possible. All the greater, therefore, our envy in contemplating those bygone dabblers in all then-existent branches of learning. They came nearer to the attainment of universal knowledge, so called, than will ever again be possible. Yet there is comfort in the thought that the literature of power, the sum total of things warily and humanly interesting and significant, does not grow nearly so rapidly as the field of science and its unliterary literature. That the true hunger for knowledge is notably insatiable, is of course easy to explain. Each added shred of information draws into view a tangled web of countless desirable acquisitions, so that the appetite grows with feeding. The domain of possible conquest increases to the learner's vision when once he is seized and swept away by the passion for research, in a geometrical progression whose constant factor is large.

It may be, finally, as we are often enough assured by good men, that this impossibility of satisfying the intellectual appetite is providential, and that the chief function of the insatiate craving for all knowledge is to point us at last to the exercise of other and higher faculties which shall in the end bring the peace that passeth understanding.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

#### COMMUNICATION.

##### A FINAL WORD ABOUT MR. SWINBURNE AS "A LOVE POET."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

When I ventured to ask some questions in your columns about Mr. Swinburne's poetry, I had no intention of entering into any discussion which they might possibly provoke. But the very courteous communication of Mr. Francis Howard Williams, published in THE DIAL of February 1, seems to demand a response.

As Mr. Williams himself intimates, his communication does not deal with the main question, but with a side issue—or rather with several side issues. It is chiefly a protest against my incidental references to Mr.



Swinburne's love-poems. Not only does Mr. Williams consider Mr. Swinburne "essentially and avowedly a love-poet," but he claims "that he excels all others in the vivid and compact expression of erotic emotion." Passing over this statement without comment, I will try to answer Mr. Williams's questions, and in so doing I trust that I may make my position more clear.

Mr. Williams objects to my referring to certain love-poems of Mr. Swinburne's as "so-called love-poems." This raises too long a question for a short letter. The word "love" as we commonly use it is undoubtedly broad and elastic enough to include those poems in the first series of "Poems and Ballads" which I had in mind. There are many kinds of love and many classes of lovers. Speaking broadly, these poems are properly "called" love-poems, but (as I intended to suggest) they deal with love only, or chiefly, as a thing of the senses. In a familiar sonnet (CXVI.), to which I have already referred, Shakespeare speaks of love as "the marriage of true minds." This is incomplete, but noble. In another sonnet (CXXIX.) he lays bare another and a very different kind of emotion; he does not call this love, but gives it another and a baser name. In one comprehensive line he describes this emotion as "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame." Poems which sympathetically portray such an "expense of spirit" are "called" love-poems, but, in my judgment, their place is not with the true love-poems of the literature, which deal with a gift which is half divine in its nobler and more truly beautiful aspects. Is there not a basis of truth in the story of Tannhäuser, as Wagner presents it? The poet of Venusberg is deprived of his place among the Troubadours, the true poets of love. The poet of "Laus Veneris" shows us human passion in its earthly and least exalted form, — passion, with its inevitable successors, satiety, world-weariness, and despair. Whether such poems are true love-poems, or whether they profane the name of love, is a matter of opinion and definition.

A few minor points remain to be noticed. I did not say or imply that Emerson did, or could, write love-poetry. To that charge I plead not guilty. Mr. Williams asks: "When did Wordsworth ever write a love-poem?" I referred, of course, to the little group of poems, which are sometimes spoken of as the "Lucy" poems ("She dwelt beside untrodden ways," "Three years she grew," etc.), and to the poem beginning "She was a phantom of delight." These masterpieces need neither praise nor justification, but it may be interesting to note that Professor F. B. Gummere, in his little book on "Poetics" places them among the most representative love-lyrics of the literature.

I am sorry to be obliged to differ so often from Mr. Williams, but I cannot agree with him about Browning. I feel that the poet of that great apostrophe "O Lyric Love," the poet who wrote "By the Fireside," "One Word More," and "Love among the Ruins" (to give only a few examples), ranks with the true love-poets of the literature. He is the poet of love in its noblest aspect as "the greatest good i' the world." Even if "The Statue and the Bust" were an exception to this, the other poems would remain, but I do not regard it as an exception. The poem has puzzled many readers, and it is perhaps somewhat ambiguous, but I am constrained to say that in this instance I think Mr. Williams has failed to understand Browning's meaning.

HENRY S. PANCOAST.

Hartford, Conn., Feb. 8, 1906.

## The New Books.

### PRE-RAPHAELITISM FROM A NEW ANGLE.\*

It is impossible to escape a certain feeling of disappointment in connection with Mr. Holman-Hunt's long-awaited account of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Other chroniclers have pictured this as a dramatic, impassioned revolt. They have dwelt upon its splendid enthusiasms and generous hero-worship, its light-hearted gaiety and its spontaneous humor. Their lively memoirs have been full of clever anecdotes and entertaining personalities. The Pre-Raphaelite painters have been invariably treated not merely as artists and poets but as men, — eccentric at times and irresponsible, with more energy in undertaking a new project than patience and training for finishing it, but full, nevertheless, of the joy of living and of working, and of that many-sided responsiveness to the best things that is the characteristic spirit of the amateur, in the true sense of that misused term. And so interest in the Pre-Raphaelite movement has come to depend less upon approval of its poetic or pictorial expression than upon appreciation of the remarkable personality of the artists.

But Mr. Holman-Hunt's idea is that we have already had far more of this sort of thing than is good for us; that in the effort to render the movement fascinating and dramatic its real purpose has been lost sight of, and that in the maze of anecdote and personality dates have been distorted, followers have been confused with leaders, and truth has been outraged. His purpose, then, is to write a history that shall be accurate, exact, and impersonal, that shall show in plain prose how the Pre-Raphaelite painters worked among other English painters of their day, that shall explain what was their theory of art, what each Brother contributed to the movement, and how the critics and the public received his work. In particular the author wishes to correct certain dominant errors in the popular view of the movement. The book, therefore, has quite a different scope and interest from those with which its title challenges comparison. Both Mr. Holman-Hunt's authorship and his peculiar understanding of Pre-Raphaelitism lead to a heavy emphasis upon his own work. But he does not wish the book to be considered as autobiography merely. He clearly aims at getting a hearing with the peo-

\*PRE-RAPHAELITISM AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD. By William Holman-Hunt. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

ple who have preferred Rossetti's work to his own and who have regarded Madox Brown as the chief source of Rossetti's initial inspiration, — who have accordingly been interested in the Pre-Raphaelite movement, without, as Mr. Holman-Hunt thinks, in the least understanding it.

Of course the whole controversy hinges, like most controversies, upon the definition of the terms. Mr. Holman-Hunt means one thing by Pre-Raphaelitism; and William Rossetti, Mrs. Burne-Jones, and the general reader mean quite another. According to Mr. Holman-Hunt, he originated, and he and his life-long friend Millais talked over and agreed to battle together for, the Pre-Raphaelite theory. This theory seems to have been simply the accurate and careful rendering of natural objects. Holman-Hunt carried it to its furthest point when he went to Syria, subjecting himself to untold discomfort and a good deal of danger in order to paint sacred subjects in their proper environment. But he worked out all his backgrounds "with the eye on the object." He took long walks over the moors with a lantern to study the right effects for "The Light of the World," and even painted a large part of the picture by lamp-light, out-of-doors, in the damp chill of autumn. The original, unalloyed Pre-Raphaelite idea, as Mr. Holman-Hunt uses the term, does not seem to have gone deeper than the method of getting one's data. It left the imagination untouched, and therefore could not affect the underlying conception of the painting. His picture of "The Scape-Goat," with its obvious beauties and obvious limitations, perhaps embodies the theory more fully, because more baldly, than any other one painting; and an attempt to realize how Rossetti might have treated the same theme will set the ideals of the two painters in illuminating contrast.

But when, in 1847, Rossetti left Madox Brown in despair at the dulness of forever painting pickle-jars and came to Holman-Hunt's studio to work under his direction, the Pre-Raphaelite idea, which had not yet received its name, was largely in the air. Rossetti received it with his accustomed enthusiasm, — even Mr. Holman-Hunt admits that he had a genius for feeling and propagating enthusiasm, — and threw himself with eager abandon into the organization of a formal crusade against the conventional standards and tyrannous Philistinism of the Royal Academy.

It seems little short of amazing, considering the temperamental obstacles, that Holman-Hunt

and Rossetti should ever have been drawn towards one another, or even imagined that they could pull together. From Holman-Hunt's point of view the Brotherhood was a disastrous failure. Rossetti was from the first utterly oblivious of his obligations to it. He confused minute rendering of nature with mediævalism, which Millais and Holman-Hunt abhorred. As soon as he had raised a storm of opprobrium with his first "P. R. B." picture, which, contrary to agreement, he exhibited in advance of Millais's and Holman-Hunt's, he coolly withdrew from the fray and never again exhibited at the Academy. But he did not stop with sins of omission. The rancorous criticisms of the Academy, put forth often anonymously by himself and his friends, did them no harm, but greatly injured Holman-Hunt and Millais, whose idea had apparently been to conduct a peaceful, conciliatory campaign. Worst of all, Rossetti's showy painting and great power of influencing younger men misled Ruskin into naming him the leader of the movement, a designation that Rossetti accepted complacently. As a matter of fact, Rossetti's "Arch-Pre-Raphaelitism" as his friends laughingly named it, was merely arch-heresy in Holman-Hunt's eyes, and since Millais eventually abandoned the gospel that he had professed so ardently, Holman-Hunt alone continued to paint after the true Pre-Raphaelite manner.

While we are glad to do justice to Mr. Holman-Hunt, and interested in comparing his point of view with those of other historians, we cannot willingly consent to his high-handed substitution of one stage of the movement for the whole story. A Pre-Raphaelite school that leaves out Rossetti and accords merely a casual mention to William Morris and Burne-Jones is indeed shorn of its glory. What Mr. Holman-Hunt's history fails to allow for is the personal equation and its marvellous power of developing a situation. William Rossetti was one of the seven original Brothers. A comparison of his statement of the aims of the organization with Holman-Hunt's will show that even at first there were different interpretations. It is impossible to imagine Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Holman-Hunt understanding the simplest statement in precisely the same way, and as the new ideas were sown abroad largely through Rossetti's magic influence, they were necessarily modified in the process, — glorified or distorted according to the point of view. It never seems to occur to Mr. Holman-Hunt that his conception of Pre-Raphaelitism makes it immeasurably less significant than it has come to be considered.

That the strongest proof of the virility and power of the movement was the way it grew to include new thoughts and adapted itself to new personalities is to him inconceivable. He regards an idea as a static thing; to give it life is to destroy its unity, and you must accordingly rename it at every stage.

Holman-Hunt's hostility to Rossetti is inevitable, but there seems to be no better reason than jealousy for the former's determined belittlement of Ford Madox Brown. It is always difficult to settle claims of priority; and it is of small consequence, since both worked independently, whether Holman-Hunt or Brown first arrived at Pre-Raphaelite conclusions. But Holman-Hunt is unwilling to give Madox Brown any credit for originality. He insists upon reducing him to the humble rank of follower, declaring that when the Brotherhood was organized he was not Pre-Raphaelite, that he was never officially asked to join the Brotherhood, and that his instruction contributed very little, if anything, towards Rossetti's development. Even if these contentions are fully justified, we should like Holman-Hunt better if he had shown more generosity towards a rival.

But it is high time to turn from the controversial to the narrative interest of the book. Holman-Hunt tells his story well, in a style more earnest than lively, and with a memory for detail that is truly marvellous. The Syrian journeys, full of strange adventures and unique experiences, furnish some delightful chapters. One of the greatest of the many difficulties incident upon the ignorance and superstition of the natives was the finding of trustworthy models. He tells an amusing story of a shopkeeper whose promise he secured to sit for a figure in the great Temple picture. The Jew failed to appear, and Holman-Hunt's interpreter explained his scruple thus:

"Well, you know the merchant's name is Daoud Levi. On the Day of Judgment the Archangel Michael will be standing at the gate of heaven, and the names of all faithful children of Abraham will be called out. . . . When Daoud's name is called, if there were a picture of him, it might be that the likeness would arrive first, and this might be passed in, and the name struck off the roll; and when he arrived to demand admittance he might be told that Daoud Levi has already entered in, and that he must be a pretender."

Holman-Hunt managed to keep a serious face while he inquired whether baptizing the portrait with a Christian name would help matters any. The Jew thought it would; so, after the first few strokes, Hunt sprinkled the likeness with water and declared its name to be Jack

Robinson. After some alterations had been made the Jew feared that the baptized likeness had been destroyed, and insisted upon a rechristening. Needless to say, before the artist was through with him he proved to be as great a rascal as he was sophistical a reasoner.

There are vivid reminiscences of Thackeray, Tennyson, the Brownings, and the Carlyles. Tennyson particularly attracted Holman-Hunt, and the poet seemed to have treated him with unwonted consideration. He gives a lively account of a walking trip through Cornwall, on which Tennyson, Palgrave, and Val Prinsep were his associates. With his fixed dread of being lionized, the poet begged his companions, who were all much younger than he, not on any account to call him by his surname. Palgrave paid no heed to this injunction during the day, but as he followed the poet about the cliffs he was continually shouting "Tennyson" at the top of his lungs. At the inn, however, he ostentatiously referred to him as "the old gentleman." Tennyson objected to this designation, and Palgrave retorted that it was absurd to assume that his name would be noticed. Each time the discussion was renewed Tennyson showed more temper, until finally there was an open rupture and Tennyson retired to his room to pack.

"When the poet had gone Palgrave said to us, 'You've no idea of the perpetual worry he causes me.' Val ejaculated, 'Did you say that he caused you?' 'Yes,' he returned. 'The last words that Mrs. Tennyson said to me on leaving were that I must promise her faithfully that I would never on any account let Tennyson out of my sight for a minute, because with his short-sight, in the neighborhood of the cliffs or on the beach of the sea, he might be in the greatest danger if left alone. I'm ever thinking of my promise, and he continually trying to elude me; if I turn my head one minute, on looking back I find him gone, and when I call out for him he studiously avoids answering.' 'But you call him by his name?' we pleaded for the poet. 'Of course I do, for I find that his fear of being discovered gives me the best chance of making him avow himself.'"

A few moments later Tennyson appeared to apologize for the "bickerings" and to explain how Palgrave's voice, "like a bee in a bottle," had interfered with his opportunities for peaceful reverie. And next day he persisted in starting home, accompanied by the faithful Palgrave, and arguing violently, as they drove off, against the need of Mrs. Tennyson's caution. All of which goes to show that Rossetti was not the only genius who tried his friends' forbearance to the breaking point.

There are a great many good stories and illuminating bits of criticism in the book which would well bear quoting, but these examples



must suffice. The great charm of the narrative lies in the connected and undetachable story of Holman-Hunt's career, with its fine concentration, its brave, conscientious pursuit of an ideal, and its great achievement in spite of heavy odds. If we yield one kind of admiration to Rossetti and the circle of young enthusiasts that he gathered about him, we cannot but grant another sort to Mr. Holman-Hunt. Where the others rushed gaily over obstacles, he labored with dogged perseverance to overcome them. Though his range of sympathy was smaller, he was scrupulous in the discharge of every obligation. If his inspiration was less exalted and less brilliant than theirs, he pursued it with an industry that they could not achieve and an indomitable courage that they could not better. Best of all he has kept his temper in the face of much provocation to lose it; his attitude toward the Academy, toward the critics, and toward Rossetti is admirably dignified. Few men, therefore, have had more promising material for an autobiography, and there are no dull pages in the two thick volumes, though at times the narrative moves rather slowly, and the long conversations of by-gone years are a little stilted and colorless in repetition.

The illustrations in photogravure and half-tone are numerous enough to reproduce all Holman-Hunt's important works and a great mass of sketches and studies. There are also several portraits of the artist, and a large number of pictures by his contemporaries, which are referred to in the text by way of showing the widespread influence of the true Pre-Raphaelite motive, as Holman-Hunt interpreted it.

EDITH KELLOGG DUNTON.

#### A NEW HISTORY OF EDUCATION.\*

It can hardly be said that we have too many histories of education, or that we yet have suitable text-books on the subject. The subject itself is comparatively new, and awaits satisfactory treatment both for general reading and for the classroom. Professor Monroe's new book gives great promise, at first glance, of being a nearer approach to the desired text-book than any previous one: it is, as the author notes in the preface, several times as large as most of those now in use, and all will agree that these latter are quite too scanty; it is published by a firm whose imprint is a guarantee of at least

some marked excellence; and its external make-up is all that could be asked. A general survey reveals at once two great virtues: a broad and yet sane and definite conception of the subject, and a rich body of material, in general well chosen. The writer has hit a happy mean between the narrow ideal of a "history of pedagogy" on the one hand, and such a general and subjective view as that of Thomas Davidson in his little "History of Education" on the other. The discussion everywhere recognizes the fact that education is an integral part of the whole development of humanity in history, and yet does not forget that it is dealing with education and not with the whole progress of thought and life.

There are, however, some omissions and some faults in proportion. We are surprised to find an extensive treatment of such a remote topic as Chinese education, and not a word upon the more relevant subject of Hebrew education; with the educational theories and practice of the Chinese our history has had no contact or interaction, while with the Hebrew there are many points of relation. Again, it would seem that to give the Middle Ages 126 pages and the Renaissance and Reformation only 90 is conceding too much to mere length of time instead of taking into account real historical significance. Vittorino da Feltre, John Sturm, and Melancthon are disposed of in an average of two pages each,—surely a scant recognition of their place in the work of actual education.

The chapter-headings contain some questionable terms. Oriental education is set down as "recapitulation"; is it not rather simply repetition or reproduction of type? Indeed, it is hard to see why the sub-title of primitive education, "non-progressive adjustment," does not fit Oriental education quite as well. Greek education is called "education as progressive adjustment"; but did not Greece distinctly fail to adjust her education to new conditions and so succumb to national decay? Plato's pedagogical vision had no realization in actual Greek education, and we can by no means assert that its realization would have proved to be a progressive adjustment. Locke serves as representative of the *disciplinary* conception of education, but in the process seems to us to suffer a certain narrowing and distortion, only partially corrected by admissions that he also represents *realism* and *naturalism*.

Closer examination reveals much that is excellent. We may mention particularly the treatment of Realism, which is broad and illu-

\* A TEXT-BOOK IN THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION. By Paul Monroe. New York: The Macmillan Co.



minating in the highest degree. In the pages on Rousseau and in the entire treatment of Herbart the author succeeds in giving in condensed form and clear outline the essential contributions made by the two men to educational doctrine. Indeed, the whole book gives proof of the broadest and richest acquaintance with the field; the great mass of material is in general handled in such a way as to show that ample knowledge of the subject which is the requisite of the scholar and the teacher.

Thus the selection of material and the general treatment deserve high commendation. They are such as go to the make-up of the ideal textbook of the subject; and this fact makes it the more to be regretted that the book suffers from some serious faults, which greatly lessen its value both for the general reader and for the student. All these faults seem to be the result of one thing, — haste. It is as though the author had with all due pains and care gathered his material and framed his plan, and then, urged by some sudden impulse, thrown the book together and rushed it through the press. The power and equipment which parts of the work show, to say nothing of other work of the same author, forbid us to think that the book might not have been of far higher excellence in its final form. As it is, there are flaws and errors on almost every page which sadly mar the quality of the book.

The least important of these defects are petty errors, not exactly typographical, for they could by no means be charged to the printer, but rather such points as might easily be due to incompetent proof-reading; as for example misspelled words, especially proper names, — "Viterino da Feltra" (pp. 398, 399), "Scotus Erigina" (p. 278), "Furstenschulen" (p. 389); "ephoebi" for "epheboi" (p. 75); and such slips of the pen as the statement that Alexander of Hales was the author of the "Summa Theologiae" (p. 305), while on a preceding page it is correctly ascribed to Thomas Aquinas. With such minor errors may be classed the frequent omission of important references. Long citations on pages 366 and 525 are not even accompanied by the name of the work from which they are taken; Aristotle's "Poetics" is simply referred to as "another work" (p. 155). Definite citation of chapter or page is the exception. It should not be forgotten that a text-book of this sort should be framed for the hand of the teacher as well as that of the student, and the critical and literary apparatus provided accordingly.

We are not a little surprised to find the

words "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" ascribed to an "Apostle" (p. 140); does our national ignorance of the Bible affect even university professors? On page 75 the terms "Iren" and "Melliren" are confused, although both have been defined on a preceding page in a quotation from Plutarch.

But these points are insignificant compared with other and more serious errors. We are told that Plato, in the "Republic," "rejects all the Homeric poems" (p. 136), and "would eliminate the use of the poets altogether" (p. 95). The reviewer can find no such declarations in the "Republic," but finds on the contrary that Plato says distinctly, after rejecting the "pantomimic poet," "we ourselves will make use of the more severe and unattractive poet" (Rep. 398 A. B.). Is it not seriously incorrect to charge the Greeks with an "Oriental attitude toward womankind" (p. 95)? The author assumes "the absence of all thought of the gods or of the future life as having to do with either motive for or outcome of conduct in this life." Surely a moment's thought would have brought to mind Minos and Rhadamanthus, and the tenth book of the "Republic," and numberless distinct and emphatic expressions in Greek myth and epic and drama and philosophy, which would show the assumption to be utterly false; indeed it is hard to see how such a phrase could have been coined even in the greatest haste and heedlessness. A similar misconception as to the religious life of the Greeks is found on page 750, where their education is said to have excluded all recognition of supernatural or religious element. The very reading books of the Greek boy, Homer and Hesoid, were full of just those elements; and Plato's chief objection to parts of these poems is that their *theology* is untrue and that they are in consequence dangerous in the extreme. Moreover the whole life of the Greek, boy and man, was hedged about by the religious and supernatural element; in school and out, the child was constantly under its influence. Was it not largely the break-down in the religious element which brought about the educational crisis in the days of Aristophanes and Socrates, and the subsequent decay of Greek life?

We are told that Francis Bacon "wrote nothing directly on education" (p. 468); as a matter of fact there are several considerable passages upon education in the "Advancement of Learning."

On page 732 we find the statement, concerning France, that "religious instruction was given

in all the schools." The past tense makes the sentence quite indefinite, but it is nevertheless misleading, in view of the fact that religious instruction was abolished in the government schools about 1882, and a moral and civic instruction put in its place. The account of the situation in England, though apparently brought down to 1903, ignores the Act of 1902, probably by far the most important educational measure in the history of English schools up to the present time. Since that Act went into force it is no longer true that "these two systems of State or board schools and Church or voluntary schools remain side by side" (p. 734).

On the question of religious education the book is peculiarly unfortunate. We are told on page 59 that "our schools to-day must eliminate the religious element"; is this not simply repeating a common misapprehension, that because the public school must be *unsectarian* it must also be *non religious*? At least the statement involves the prejudgment of a great question, and can only be defended by an exceedingly narrow definition of the phrase "religious element." It is quite in accordance with this that we find Rousseau's famous "Confession of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar" dismissed with the words "we can devote no attention to it here, since it is aside from our main interest" (p. 565). Nevertheless we are told that the question of religious education is a problem of very great importance (p. 750); and we cannot but wonder why it should be so completely excluded from the book. On the same page we read that "Little or no attempt at solution is being made and little interest aroused." Is there then no Catholic Church in America, bending every energy to this very task? And if the Catholic activities are out of the range of the author's attention, he might at least have mentioned the Religious Education Association, organized in 1902, and numbering in 1904 about 2000 members, very many of whom are educational leaders.

It is surprising to find Plato's doctrine of the education of women held up as the type toward which the twentieth century is striving (pp. 140, 141). "The differences lie in the difference of character, not in the difference of sex — a man and a woman — hence should have the same education." Is it not rather true that modern doctrine admits fully the differences of sex, and the consequent differences of education? Even co-education is very far from meaning identical training, to say nothing of identical function in life, — a part of Plato's chimerical

scheme for the training of women which Professor Monroe would seem by implication also to approve.

The style of the book must be dealt with briefly. Evidences that the author is no incompetent writer are abundant; many chapters, especially those already mentioned with commendation in the earlier part of this review, are clear and quite sufficiently polished; but large portions of the work are marred in style apparently by the same haste that has played such havoc with the accuracy. Vagueness, obscurity, and ambiguity are frequent. There is often confusion in the summary of doctrine, as for example the treatment of Rousseau on pages 553-560. The title of this section is "Three-fold Meaning of Nature in the *Emile*"; the three meanings are all there, but in such form that the student would have great difficulty in apprehending them; in fact only one who knew them in advance could well feel sure that he had detected them. The account of Comenius's school system (pp. 492 f), which might be made so perfectly clear, is seriously clouded by lack of clear progress and careful use of terms.

There are many minor defects of form, of which a few specimens may be given. "Locke is the founder of the naturalistic movement in education, for in many respects, as he freely acknowledges, Rousseau is indebted to him" (p. 522). Who freely acknowledges? Grammar and fact seem here to be at odds. There is a frequent unfortunate use of the phrase "as with," — thus, "Locke, as with Rousseau, ostensibly supplanted authority by reason" (p. 523). Not infrequently sentences are found which are not rhetorically coherent, as for example: "As the most important of all English writers on the subject of education, or at least as ranking with Ascham and Spencer, the main thoughts of Locke's treatise deserve presentation" (pp. 513, 514). There are many of these blemishes, some obscure, some ambiguous, some merely awkward; their frequency confirms the belief that great haste is the occasion of these faults also.

It is cause for genuine regret that a piece of work so well begun and with such great possibilities should be thus disfigured and damaged by a multitude of errors and blemishes, some indeed of importance, but most of them petty in themselves, and all avoidable by more care in writing, revising, and proof-reading. But with all its faults the book is probably the best thing available for college classes in the history of education. Vigilance on the part of the instructor

can do much to correct the errors. We can only hope for an early second edition, rigorously revised, and in parts rewritten.

EDWARD O. SISSON.

#### TWO AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS.\*

Lowell and Lanier: the names chime pleasantly, and with some significance, thus linked. At least two admirable studies recently published — among the most notable offerings of a year unusually rich in biographical literature — impress the reader with a definite feeling that this elder bard of New England, with his clear ideality of vision, and this later southern minstrel, with his fine perception of the spiritual sense of life, are closely akin in the lyric brotherhood. We will not push the parallel. The differences and discrepancies are palpable in the achievement of the younger poet whose fancy had hardly begun its second flight; Lanier's singing stopped in the poet's fortieth year, just ten years before the life of Lowell closed at the full age of seventy.

Mr. Greenslet's study of Lowell is admirably made. The material at hand, including the recently-augmented edition of the poet's letters, must have been almost embarrassing in its fullness to one whose purpose was to present within the space of a single volume a comprehensive view of the life of Lowell and a consistent interpretation of his work. However that may be, the result is a compact record of this many-sided life and a really judicial discussion of the poet's place in literature — the first essentially critical biography of Lowell yet attempted.

Our gleaning from the volume must be meagre. Mr. Greenslet's survey does not add materially to the vital facts of Lowell's life as already familiar. There was, to begin with, the auspicious environment of Elmwood — the stately colonial mansion set in a "bowery loneliness" which drew the bluebirds and the orioles and the robins, — where the love of outdoor life was bred; and indoors there were books, — his clergyman-father's well-selected library, within and among which he browsed knowingly; as a child he was read to sleep from "The Faerie Queene," and rehearsed its adventurous episodes to his playmates. Then came the four years of the Harvard student, colored by a few whimsical breaches of academic decorum, of which

more is said, perhaps, than of the fact that in his own independent way the youth was reading omnivorously in all the rich pastures (if one may in this connection so mix the metaphor) of the world's literature. For three years he nervelessly pursued the law. At last he began to find himself, and, in 1843, elected literature.

Lowell's verse received its first potent impulse in his love for Maria White; but definite inspiration came, with the development of his democratic instincts and his ardent humanitarianism, in the early forties. Temperance reform, then woman suffrage, finally the anti-slavery movement, enlisted his fervent support. In that epoch of stormy debate he did not withhold his voice. The spirit which shaped some of his most characteristic work was already evoked. His ringing utterance was heard in poems like the "Stanzas on Freedom," and the sonnet to Wendell Phillips, both of which belong to 1843. "The Present Crisis," that superb climax of lyric eloquence, came in 1845. The year 1848 is designated by the biographer as Lowell's *annus mirabilis*. It saw the publication of the second series of the "Poems" and the completion of "The Fable for Critics," the "Biglow Papers," and the "Vision of Sir Launfal"; these besides numerous articles and poems contributed to the magazines.

For Lowell the satirist, Mr. Greenslet has unqualified praise.

"Little as he liked to be reminded of it in his later years, Lowell was the author of the 'Biglow Papers,' and it is as the author of the 'Biglow Papers' that he is likely to be longest remembered. . . . In variety, unction, quotability, ethical earnestness, humor, wit, fun, even in pure poetry and pathos, they stand quite by themselves in American literature. Criticism cannot touch them."

Oftener than we are apt to remember, these years of Lowell's early manhood were invaded by sorrow. In 1847 the Lowells lost their little daughter Blanche, scarce a twelvemonth old; three years later, Rose, their third child, died in infancy. The intimate personal expression of the poet's grief is given in the affecting lyrics: "She Came and Went," "The Changeling," and "The First Snowfall." In 1850 the poet's mother, — from whom he had inherited the strong mystical tendency so clearly felt in his serious work as a whole, — died; her intensely imaginative mind had become disordered in 1842, and for several years she had been an inmate of an asylum. The cloud had rested heavily over the household, but bitterness was still in store. In 1852, while enjoying their first trip abroad, the Lowells were again bereaved

\*JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. *His Life and Work*. By Ferris Greenslet. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

SIDNEY LANIER. By Edwin Mims. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



in the death of Walter, their little son, as they were passing the winter in Rome. Meanwhile Mrs. Lowell's health had been declining, and soon after the return home, in 1853, the poet buried the wife of his youth. His burden of grief is felt in "Palinode," "After the Burial," and "The Dead House." "Something broke my life in two," he said later, "and I cannot piece it together again."

Of the history conveyed in the later chapters of this work we have not space to speak. The biographer has given a vivacious record of the multiform activity which so distinguishes this useful representative of letters, this cultured servant of democracy in public life.

Mr. Greenslet's critical estimate of Lowell's work in verse and prose is conservative and altogether judicious. Of the three hundred poems included in the final edition of the works, less than fifty, he believes, "possess any vivid poetical life." Among the traits which give distinction to Lowell's best poetry, he emphasizes: "the utter and fervent sincerity of the moods expressed in it"; "the amount of mind that lay back of it"—he finds in Lowell more of the Shakespearian mind than in any other American poet; and "the consistent ideality which was both root and branch of his abounding intellectual life." These qualities, together with a keen, sensuous love of nature, Lowell had; the indispensable gift of poetic style he had, also,— "but intermittently; it is shown multitudinously in lines and passages, rarely through entire poems." For the "Commemoration Ode" and the "Agassiz," the critic expresses natural and unqualified admiration; it is, however, to the "Biglow Papers," vitalized by the fluent and irrepressible wit of the satirist, that he recurs oftenest, and with a final word of highest praise. In speaking of Lowell's prose, "savory" is the apt word with which Mr. Greenslet describes his style. In the best prose of the essayist, he finds a union of vitality and antiquarianism which imparts one of the chief charms to his diction. "Side by side with subtly allusive phrases that thrill the ripe reader with gleaming memories of old and far-off authors will be found some breezy vocable of the street that strikes a sudden gust of fresh air across the page." It is as a critic of literature, Mr. Greenslet thinks, that Lowell's fame will probably be most enduring, at least that his work as a critic of literature "will last in greater bulk than anything else of his." If his criticism is not always temperate, not always judicious, or minutely accurate in scholarship, "it is, none

the less, richer in humor, metaphor, gusto,— in short, in genius,— than any other critical writing that America has produced; and it is not far surpassed in these qualities by anything in the language." With a glowing tribute to Lowell's potent influence in the cause of culture and of conscience while alive, his biographer prophesies the enduring potency of this many-sided talent suffused throughout the works of "the first true American man of Letters."

In the stormy battle years of 1861-5, when Lowell, already secure in the fame of his early verse, was flashing Northern sentiment into the sharp and stinging lines of the second "Biglow Papers," Sidney Lanier was fighting as a private soldier under the flag of the Confederacy. Born in Macon, Georgia, in 1842, he had just completed his college course in Oglethorpe and had been called to a position as tutor in that institution, when the war broke. Lanier flung himself into the struggle with the same ardor that sent Paul Hamilton Hayne, George W. Cable, Maurice Thompson, and the poet Timrod to the support of the Southern cause. Sidney Lanier and his brother, Clifford,— two slender gray-eyed youths, inseparable in their service of danger and hardship— extracted all the romance which their experience provided. In 1863, they were on scout duty along the James; Lanier wrote later with enthusiasm of his army life:

"We had a flute and a guitar, good horses, a beautiful country, splendid residences inhabited by friends who loved us, and plenty of hair-breadth escapes from the roving bands of Federals. Cliff and I never cease to talk of the beautiful women, the serenades, the moonlight dashes on the beach of fair Burwell's Bay and the spirited brushes of our little force with the enemy."

Poor Lanier — it is almost all there — his whole brief story! the brushes with the enemy, the hair-breadth escapes, the music and the romance, the boyish enthusiasm, the pluck, the heroism — and complaint, never! The pathos, also, in that brief life of achievement, which began when the war closed,— that note, too, was struck in these prophetic years. In '64 the brothers were transferred to Wilmington, and placed as signal officers upon the blockade-runners. Here Sidney Lanier was captured and for five months was confined in the Federal prison at Camp Lookout; it well-nigh became his tomb. With emaciated frame and shattered physique the young soldier went home, like so many other youthful veterans, south and north, to fight for life in the coming years. With Lanier the struggle was for both life and livelihood. He



was twenty-three years old, unsettled as to his future, and under the shadow of those "raven days" of the desolated and demoralized South. "Our hearths are gone out and our hearts are broken"—he plaintively sang; yet he turned the plaint into a song of cheer; still he found the romance. In 1867 he was married to Miss Mary Day, of Macon, and the poems of his wooing-time and of his wedded life are as tender and sweet as the lyrics Lowell sang to Maria White. For five years Lanier tried to follow the law, and then, in 1873, he gave himself to art. He went to Baltimore, alone—except for his flute. Lanier's flute is as famous as Lanier; it is a part of his personality. Its mellow notes had cheered the soldier and his comrades by camp-fire and in prison; it had been softly played in many a surreptitious serenade; but it was more widely known than this, for Lanier was a musician of remarkable power, and he was called by many the finest flute-player in America, if not in the world. Lanier's musical genius is almost the chief element in his story. So far as he could trace his ancestry it disclosed this talent in its possession: in the Restoration period there were five Laniers in England who were musicians; in Charles I.'s time Nicholas Lanier was painted by Van Dyke, and wrote music for the masques of Jonson and for the lyrics of Herrick; the father of this Nicholas was a musician in the household of Queen Elizabeth; thus Sidney Lanier came naturally by his gift. In Baltimore, Lanier's flute secured him a position in the Peabody Orchestra, and furnished the means of living for several years. Theodore Thomas is said to have been on the point of making the artist first flute-player in his orchestra, when Lanier's health finally failed and he was compelled to give up the struggle.

But Sidney Lanier found also in Baltimore his first opportunity to gratify what had been the ambition of the years since his college course—the opportunity to study literature and the scientific principles of verse. The unfulfilled dream of his youth had been a systematic course in the German universities; this was not to be realized, but in the richly-equipped Peabody Library of Baltimore he found his university. Never was there a more assiduous student. Especially did he devote himself to the field of Old English poetry. Soon there were invitations to lecture, and in the city he came to have an established reputation as a fascinating lecturer on English literature. In 1875 he first won recognition as a poet by the publication of "Corn" in "Lippincott's Magazine"; and four

months later his more successful poem "The Symphony" appeared in the same magazine. His new friendship with Bayard Taylor produced the invitation to write the words for the Centennial Cantata. The first collection of his poems was published in 1877.

Lanier's story is less familiar to the general reader than is that of Lowell, and it is so compelling that we have been betrayed into these details. The real pathos of it may best be suggested by two quotations from his letters to his friend and fellow-poet, Hayne. Writing in the early seventies, he says:

"I have not put pen to paper in a literary way in a long time. How I thirst to do so,—how I long to sing a thousand various songs that oppress me unsung—is unexpressible. Yet the mere work that brings me bread gives me no time."

Again, when the tale of his life was almost told, under date of November 19, 1880, he writes:

"For six months past a ghastly fever has taken possession of me each day at about 12 m., and holding my head under the surface of indescribable distress for the next twenty hours, subsiding only enough each morning to let me get on my working harness, but never intermitting. . . . I have myself been disposed to think it arose purely from the bitterness of having to spend my time in making academic lectures and boys' books [the series of "The Boy's King Arthur," "The Boy's Froissart," etc.]—pot-boilers all—when a thousand songs are singing in my heart that will certainly kill me if I do not utter them soon."

Yet the poet extracted the joy of life, as he toiled, singing, with his "Tampa Robins"—

"If that I hate wild winter's spite—  
The gibbet trees, the world in white,  
The sky but gray wind o'er a grave—  
Why should I ache, the season's slave?  
I'll sing from the top of the orange-tree  
Gramercy, winter's tyranny."

Thus, too, through the last suffering years of his illness and weakness he went patiently, blithely, singing the song of his "Stirrup-Cup"—his bold challenge to Death:

"David to thy distillage went,  
Keats, and Gotama excellent,  
Omar Khayyam, and Chaucer bright,  
And Shakespeare for a king-delight."

"Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt:  
Hand me the cup when'er thou wilt;  
'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me;  
I'll drink it down right smilingly."

In rapid succession he wrote three wonderful poems, each a masterpiece: "The Revenge of Hamish," "How Love looked for Hell," and "The Marshes of Glynn." In 1879 the poet was appointed to a lectureship in the Johns Hopkins University. The fruit of this professional connection we have in two volumes, neither of

which is characterized by scientific precision or minutely accurate scholarship; nevertheless "The Science of English Verse" and "The English Novel" are recognized as indispensable to the student of English literature to-day. In the winter of 1880-1 Lanier gave up the painful struggle; withdrawing from the University, he went for relief to the pine lands in the mountains of North Carolina. Here, September 7, 1881, he passed away.

This is the mere outline of the heroic life, the story of which has now been told by Mr. Mims. The characteristics of this interesting volume are its picturesqueness, its simplicity, its fulness of detail and its dispassionate discussion of Lanier's claims to a permanent place among our American poets of fame. Not the least valuable of its features is the intelligent and sympathetic presentation of the South's condition at the close of the war. To the general student of American literature, this phase of the work is most illuminating in relation to the recent literary development of the South, as well as in the narrower relation of its influence upon the intellectual growth of Sidney Lanier. Mr. Mims's work represents the first complete biography of this southern poet. It is something of a distinction to have served as the first interpreter of a character so fine and rare; it is a great distinction to have performed the honorable service so well.

Lowell and Lanier: they met once, in 1875. Lanier was in Boston visiting Charlotte Cushman, his very dear friend, then ill at the Parker House. Two delightful afternoons were spent with Longfellow and Lowell. Of this visit the latter afterward wrote:

"He was not only a man of genius with a rare gift for the happy word, but had in him qualities that won affection and commanded respect. I had the pleasure of seeing him but once, when he called on me 'in more glad some days,' at Elmwood, but the image of his shining presence is among the friendliest in my memory."

Lowell and Lanier: they were somewhat alike in their ideality, their sincerity, their intellectuality, in the deep spiritual vision which has glimpses of things beyond the knowledge of the world; they were not unlike in their poetic tone. Lanier was hardly more than thirty-nine at his death; what might he not have done had he been given ten years longer to live and sing! Still he had written the poems which we have named; he had written "The Song of the Chattahoochee," the "Psalm of the West," "Sunrise"—and "The Marshes of Glynn."

W. E. SIMONDS.

#### AN OXFORD HISTORY OF ENGLAND.\*

In Great Britain, as upon the continent and in our own country, the coöperative method of writing history is in favor. The "Cambridge Modern History" now in the midst of its course is, of English works, the most distinguished one of this character; but several have already been carried through, and more are promised shortly. Among those which are just making their appearance, none will be regarded by students with greater interest than the "Political History of England," which is to be published, in twelve volumes, under the editorship of the Reverend William Hunt and Mr. Reginald Lane Poole. These names assure for the series warm appreciation in the world of scholarship, for Dr. Hunt, now President of the Royal Historical Society, has recently been associated with the Dean of Winchester in editing the best history of the English Church that has yet appeared; while Mr. Poole, who, since Gardiner's death, has been sole editor of the "English Historical Review," has himself done much in other ways for the growth of historical and cartographical science.

If the names of the editors are likely to inspire confidence, no less can be said of the authors of the twelve volumes. Had another title been sought for the work, this might well have been "The Oxford English History"; for not only the editors, but all except two of the thirteen authors (one of the volumes is written by two men) either are now or have been connected with Oxford University. The two exceptions are Mr. Thomas Hodgkin, who will write of England before the Norman Conquest, and Mr. George Burton Adams, Professor of History in Yale University, whose book carries the narrative from the Conquest to the end of the reign of John.

This limitation to a few authors gives each the opportunity for treatment of an extended period, and results in solid volumes of nearly five hundred pages, instead of many individual chapters, as in the "Cambridge Modern History," or a large number of small treatises, as in "The American Nation." There are no illustrations other than a few maps, carefully prepared for their historical significance. An especially

\* A POLITICAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Edited by Rev. William Hunt, M.A., and Reginald L. Poole, M.A. Vol. II. From the Norman Conquest to the Death of John (1066-1216), by George Burton Adams. Vol. III. From the Accession of Henry III. to the Death of Edward III. (1216-1377), by T. F. Tout, M.A. Vol. X. From the Accession of George III. to the Close of Pitt's First Administration (1760-1801), by William Hunt, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

praiseworthy feature is the thorough bibliographical apparatus appended to each volume.

The editors have done their work silently. Thus far the volumes appear without individual prefaces, and one finds no "editors' introductions" beyond a two-page statement of the purpose of the work as a whole. The process of "linking" is left to the reader, who, unassisted by editorial finger-posts, may find the good things for himself. In this respect the three volumes which we have now to review seem to us to have suffered no loss.

These volumes are the second, third, and tenth of the series; and together they amount to more than thirteen hundred pages of text. It is evident that within the limits of a brief review, criticism of detail must give place to general suggestions. In Professor Adams's book, we find the period 1066-1216 handled with the calm judgment which the author's former writings in this and kindred fields have led us to expect; and we comment on this the more, by reason of the controversial tone which has pervaded much that others have written upon the same topic. The reigns of the Norman and earlier Plantagenet kings present to the student many problems which even England's wealth of historical sources has not yet made perfectly clear. Much of the recent work has been rather destructively critical, and the reflection of this in Professor Adams's book leaves the reader with a certain feeling of negation. William, we are told, did not regard all the land of the English as rightly confiscate. That the manors of the feudal barons were scattered about in different parts of England must not be attributed to a conscious intention thereby to weaken their power. The traditional view of the making of the New Forest is open to question. The oath at Salisbury, again, was not a very novel performance. These negative opinions might leave the student sorrowing for his departed faith, did not Professor Adams supply occasional passages upon the constitutional changes and social development of the period—such as the discussion of feudalism (pp. 14-23) or that of ecclesiastical affairs (pp. 38-50)—so suggestive and stimulating as to make one regret the great emphasis laid upon political history to the hurt of other fields. Taken as a whole, the work of Professor Adams covers a difficult period of English history with a combination of unity and depth that neither Sir James Ramsay nor Miss Norgate has completely attained.

With the struggle over the Charter and with the death of John, Professor Adams leaves the

story. It is taken up by Professor Tout, to whom the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are familiar ground. This volume carries the narrative down to 1377, and, like the preceding one, leaves England in an age of transition,—the age of Froissart, of Wyclif, and of Chaucer. During this long and eventful time, but four kings ruled in England, Henry III. and the three Edwards, and son succeeded father. Two of them were great, though in very different ways, and with very different results for their land. But under all four the growth of England's sturdy national life went on. In this volume, as in that which preceded it, we cannot but regret the entire subordination of everything to politics, which we do not believe to make all of history. Here only a part of the fourth chapter and the entire last chapter are devoted to those deeper changes in town and country, in Church and University, in law and art, which after all is said are what to-day interest us in mediæval life. But with this limitation—and such it seems to be—we must not quarrel, for it is an intended characteristic of the whole series.

From the middle ages to the reign of George III. constitutes a sudden and difficult leap, and perhaps this fact is sufficient to account for the feeling of relative disappointment that we get from reading the tenth volume, the work of the editor, Dr. Hunt, which extends over the years 1760-1801. It seems hard for modern English historians who write of the eighteenth century to suppress their own political sentiments. If Mr. Trevelyan, for example, has given us a Whiggish history of England, here is a good Tory antidote. Not that Dr. Hunt's work is unscientific or intentionally partisan,—on the contrary there is evidence that the writer has striven to be just throughout. His proclivities appear, however, in the descriptive adjectives and epithets applied to men and measures,—Horne Tooke, for example, is always labelled,—as well as in the larger discussions and interpellations of events. The younger Pitt is very properly his hero, and King George himself appears as a greater man than in most accounts of the reign. On the other hand, the Whigs in general, and Charles James Fox in particular, are handled with an acerbity which contrasts amusingly with the over-sympathetic estimate of Mr. Trevelyan.

For revolutions Dr. Hunt has no love. Speaking of the younger Pitt he says:

"In later days [he] altogether abandoned a liberal policy, for he was called on to give England that which



is infinitely more important than liberal measures, the preservation of its constitutional and social life from the danger of revolution" (p. 283).

This may be regarded as typical of Dr. Hunt's attitude. What he says of the French Revolution would indicate that he took rather a narrow view of the real meaning of that mighty struggle. Ireland fares little better. But, while it would be of interest to examine Dr. Hunt's general account of the close of the eighteenth century, we feel that it is more important to discuss briefly his attitude in respect to our own controversy with the mother-country. This attitude is strikingly like that of Chalmers, and is presented in a summary which the author gives on pages 141-142.

"The spirit which underlay it can be traced with growing distinctness since 1690; it was a spirit of independence, puritan in religion and republican in politics, impatient of control, self-assertive, and disposed to opposition. It was irritated by restraints on industry and commerce, and found opportunities for expression in a system which gave the colonies representative assemblies while it withheld rights of self-government. . . . It is to be remembered that England's colonial policy was then, as it is now, the most liberal in the world. American discontent existed before the reign of George III.; it was kept in check by the fear of French invasion. It was when that fear was removed that England began to enforce the restraints on commerce. This change in policy fell most heavily on the New England provinces, where Whig tendencies were strongest, and specially on Massachusetts. A small and violent party in the province fanned the flame of discontent, and the attempts at taxation, which added to the grievances of the colonists, afforded a respectable cry to the fomenters of resistance. Their wish was aided by the apprehension aroused in the minds of their fellow countrymen, by the increase in the part played by the prerogative and by the predominance of the Tories in England. While men in other provinces, as Patrick Henry in Virginia, worked in sympathy with Samuel Adams and his associates, the revolution was at its outset engineered at Boston, and was immediately determined by the quarrel between Great Britain and Massachusetts. In the events which led to the Revolution the British government appears to have shown a shortsighted insistence on legal rights and a contemptuous disregard of the sentiments and opinions of the colonists; the revolutionists generally a turbulent, insolent, and unreasonable temper."

With the narrative of the bare events of the Revolution we have little fault to find, but Dr. Hunt's interpretation of these, and his grasp of colonial conditions, seem to us not entirely satisfying. Let us take for example his description of the colonies found on page 54.

"Though Puritanism as a religious force was well nigh extinct in the New England provinces, it affected the temper of the people: they set a high value on speech making and fine words, and were litigious and obstinate; lawyers were plentiful among them and had much influence."

Dr. Hunt fails to mention that the legal profession, in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, was of longer training and of greater reputation: indeed his references to the middle and southern colonies is in general unsatisfactory. Again the author goes on to say:

"Their [the colonies'] constitutions differed in various points; in some the governor was appointed by the crown, in others by the proprietary. All alike enjoyed a large measure of personal and political freedom; they had the form and substance of the British Constitution: they had representative assemblies in which they taxed themselves for their domestic purposes, chose most of their own magistrates, and paid them all; and it was seldom that their legislation was interfered with except with respect to commerce."

Such general statements are hazardous. In the proprietary provinces, in 1760, the governors, although nominated indeed by the proprietors, were subject to the approval and control of the crown. In Rhode Island and Connecticut, on the contrary, the governors were elected, and not appointed at all. As to the choosing of magistrates, the statement in the text would have, in the case of some colonies, e. g. Maryland, to undergo serious limitation. If customs officers are to be included, not all magistrates were paid by the assemblies, and if the last clause be literally true, surely such important exceptions as the vetoes and prohibitory legislation of England as to paper money, land-banks, and tobacco currency should at least be mentioned.

In this one respect like Mr. Lecky, Dr. Hunt emphasizes the commercial system as the chief source of colonial irritation. His account of that system, however, is somewhat loose. There was no Navigation Act of 1657 (p. 55). It should be explained why *before* 1733 trade with the French West Indies was "contraband" (p. 56).

We have ventured thus far into detail not because Dr. Hunt's conclusions are necessarily erroneous, but because it seems that they are rather dogmatic. Against minor errors of fact or of exaggeration we are glad to set the general accuracy of the narrative, and the very fair-minded judgment of Washington's career, and the calm acceptance of the justice of André's execution. Finally, with reference to Dr. Hunt's general estimate of our rebellion, we feel that the chief deficiency again results from the concentration of attention upon the legal and political sides of the struggle. Revolutionary politics, in very truth, were not always savory: it is only on the deeper grounds of social and economic development that the real understanding will some day be reached.

ST. GEORGE L. SIOUSSAT.



## RECENT AMERICAN POETRY.\*

The poetical work of Mr. Lloyd Mifflin is always serious and deserving of respectful attention. During the last ten or twelve years it has been put forth in a series of small volumes that students of American literature have learned to greet with welcome and appreciation. By reason of being so scattered, his work has failed of its full effect, and has made something less of an impression than it should. It is particularly in the sonnet that Mr. Mifflin has worked, and now that he has brought together no less than three hundred and fifty of his sonnets into a single stately volume, it is possible to get a clearer and more comprehensive view of his total achievement than has hitherto been vouchsafed. This book of sonnets is assuredly a worthy memorial of the poet's many years of endeavor. The sonnets are highly finished, and in the orthodox form, except for an intentional departure in one or two special cases, for which artistic justification is not lacking. Their range is wide, their diction is noble, and their idealism is of the finer sort. Their excellence, moreover, is so even that it is peculiarly difficult to make a representative selection. With much hesitation, we reproduce "The Victor," which is at least as fine as any, although no finer than a score of others.

"I am the Shadow, — I whose brooding wings  
Are gray with moons. I depopulate  
The world; and all you peopled stars await  
My ravenous scythe. Through charnel dust of kings  
I come, spurning the scepters. Though the stings  
Of adders still are mine, I bear no hate,  
But am beneficent. Minion of Fate,  
I am the mausoleum of all things.  
Stern and implacable sovereign of the dead,  
But friend to him down-trampled in the strife,  
I, shrouded, cryptic, through the darkness go  
Silent for ever: yet it hath been said  
I lift the portals leading unto Life. . . .  
And thou, at last, — it may be thou shalt know."

It might be urged that the arresting thought, the memorable phrase, rarely occurs in Mr. Mifflin's work; it might also be urged that he does not always escape the temptation of fluency, that his ornament is often purely rhetorical, and that he resorts too

much to conventional imagery. We do not press these points, because taken altogether they merely prove that Mr. Mifflin does not quite do what only the supreme masters of the sonnet have done. There can be no doubt, in the presence of this collection, that he has given proof of a true poetic gift, and made a considerable contribution to American literature.

The late Joseph Trumbull Stickney was born in 1874, was graduated from Harvard in 1895, and died in 1904. He won high university honors, at Cambridge and afterwards at the French University, and during the last year of his life was an instructor at Harvard. Most of his manhood and much of his childhood was spent abroad. These facts are gleaned from the Biographical Note with which his literary executors have prefaced the volume of his collected "Poems." The contents of this volume include a reprint of the "Dramatic Verses" published in 1902, some incomplete dramatic studies, a considerable collection of "Later Lyrics," besides sections of "Juvenilia" and "Fragments." They represent practically the whole poetical achievement of a man who was both a brilliant scholar and a promising poet, a poet whose work fairly justifies his being reckoned among "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown." Promise rather than fulfillment is the mark of this work as a whole, for it reveals Stickney as still groping for a distinctive manner rather than as having reached a definitive expression of his powers. Reviewing his first volume, we were compelled to speak of its "jarring staccato," its "far-fetched epithets," and "its endeavor to be impressive at the cost of clear thinking and verbal restraint." The "Later Lyrics" now first printed show us the process of fermentation still at work, but serve also to deepen our sense of the poet's possibilities. Such a sonnet as this on "Mt. Ida" is no mean performance, and may be taken as illustrating the highest level of his attainment.

"I long desired to see, I now have seen.  
Yonder the heavenly everlasting bride  
Draws the white shadows to her virgin side,  
Ida, whom long ago God made his Queen.  
The daylight weakens to a fearful sheen;  
The mountains slumber seaward sanctified,  
And cloudy shafts of bluish vapour hide  
The places where a sky and world have been.  
O Ida, snowy bride that God espoused  
Unto that day that never wholly is,  
Whiten thou the horizon of my eyes,  
That when the momentary sea aroused  
Flows up in earthquake, still thou mayest rise  
Sacred above the quivering Cyclades."

This is the first of a group of three sonnets inscribed to the sacred mountain, and the other two move upon the same serene height of imaginative vision.

Mr. Gilder's verse exhibits something of the heroic optimism of his own "Singer of Joy."

"He sang the rose, he praised its fragrant breath;  
(Alas, he saw the gnawing worm beneath.)  
He sang of summer and the flowing grass;  
(He knew that all the beauty quick would pass.)  
He said the world was good and skies were fair;  
(He saw far, gathering clouds, and days of care.)

\*COLLECTED SONNETS OF LLOYD MIFFLIN. Revised by the author. New York: Henry Frowde.

THE POEMS OF TRUMBULL STICKNEY. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

IN THE HEIGHTS. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: The Century Co.

THE VALE OF TEMPE. By Madison J. Cawein. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By George Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE VALLEY OF DREAMS. By H. Hayden Sands. Boston: Alfred Bartlett.

OLD LAMPS AND NEW, and Other Verse. By Edward Willard Watson, M.D. Philadelphia: H. W. Fisher & Co.

PERDITA, and Other Poems. By Charles J. Bayne. Atlanta: Cole Book Co.

POEMS. By Robert Chenault Givier. Published by the author.

A SOUTHERN FLIGHT. By Frank Dempster Sherman and Clinton Scollard. Clinton, N. Y.: George William Browning.

NEW WORLD LYRICS AND BALLADS. By Duncan Campbell Scott. Toronto: Morang & Co.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WILFRED CAMPBELL. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Immortally he sang pure friendship's flame;  
 (Yet had he seen it shrivel to a name.)  
 And, ah, he praised true love, with golden speech;  
 (What though it was a star he could not reach.)  
 His songs in every soul the hero woke;  
 (He in the shadows waited the last stroke.)  
 He was the singer of the joyous art;  
 (Down to the grave he bore a broken heart.)"

Mr. Gilder draws morals from nature no less than from human life, as the following stanzas attest:

"The clouds upon the mountains rest;  
 A gloom is on the autumn day;  
 But down the valley, in the west,  
 The sudden sunlight breaks its way,—  
 A light lies on the farther hills."

"Forget thy sorrow, heart of mine!  
 Though shadows fall and fades the leaf,  
 Somewhere is joy, though 'tis not thine;  
 The power that sent can heal thy grief;  
 And light lies on the farther hills."

"Thou wouldst not with the world be one  
 If ne'er thou knewest hurt and wrong;  
 Take comfort, though the darkened sun  
 Never again bring gleam or song,—  
 The light lies on the farther hills."

The majority of Mr. Gilder's new poems are occasional, and few know as well as he how to find the fitting word or the felicitous phrase with which to celebrate a friend, or a cause, or a memory. His tributes to Joseph Jefferson and John Wesley are models of this kind of composition.

"The Vale of Tempe" is, according to a list of titles printed at the back of the book, Mr. Cawein's sixteenth volume of verse. If he should live long enough, there may some time be a sixtieth. "All Art's over long," he remarks in the motto supplied for the present collection, yet we cannot help feeling that literature is the richer for these new poems, albeit they strike notes long familiar to his readers. Of our present-day ministrants at nature's shrine, he is perhaps the most unceasing and ardent in his devotions, and inexhaustible is the store of poetic fancy that he consecrates to the object of his worship. We quote the lyric called "Revelment."

"A sense of sadness in the golden air,  
 A pensiveness, that has no part in care,  
 As if the Season, by some woodland pool,  
 Braiding the early blossoms in her hair,  
 Seeing her loveliness reflected there,  
 Had sighed to find herself so beautiful."

"A breathlessness, a feeling as of fear,  
 Holy and dim as of a mystery near,  
 As if the World about us listening went,  
 With lifted finger, and hand-hollowed ear,  
 Harkening a music that we cannot hear,  
 Haunting the quickening earth and firmament."

"A prescience of the soul that has no name,  
 Expectancy that is both wild and tame,  
 As if the Earth, from out its azure ring  
 Of heavens, looked to see, as white as flame,—  
 As Persens once to chained Andromeda came,—  
 The swift, divine revelation of the Spring."

The volume contains many other poems as exquisite as this; indeed, the most surprising thing about Mr.

Cawein's work is the even excellence which characterizes so great a quantity of matter.

"The Great Adventure" is a volume of sonnets by Mr. George Cabot Lodge. His themes are the major triad of Life, Love, and Death. The third section is particularly dedicated to the memory of Trumbull Stickney, and includes the following sonnet, which we quote, not as one of the best, but as the one which explains the title of the collection:

"He said: 'We are the Great Adventurers,  
 This is the Great Adventure: thus to be  
 Alive and, on the universal sea  
 Of being, lone yet dauntless mariners.  
 In the rapt outlook of astronomers  
 To rise thro' constellated gyres of thought;  
 To fall with shattered pinions, overwrought  
 With flight, like unrecorded Lucifers:—  
 Thus to receive identity, and thus  
 Return at last to the dark element,—  
 This is the Great Adventure!' All of us,  
 Who saw his dead, deep-visioned eyes, could see,  
 After the Great Adventure, immanent,  
 Splendid and strange, the Great Discovery!"

We also quote the sonnet that comes next, as illustrative of the poet's occasional habit of experimenting in tetrameters.

"Above his heart the rose is red,  
 The rose above his head is white,  
 The crocus glows with golden light,  
 The Spring returns, and he is dead!  
 We hark in vain to hear his tread,  
 We reach to clasp his hand in vain;  
 Tho' life and love return again  
 We can no more be comforted.  
 With tearless eyes we keep steadfast  
 His vigil we were sworn to keep:  
 But, when he left us, and at last  
 We saw him pass beyond the Door,  
 And knew he could return no more,  
 We wept aloud as children weep."

High praise must be given to the thoughtful and imaginative qualities of Mr. Lodge's verse; he is a poet who is visibly growing with each new volume he puts forth, and who may be expected to go far.

"The Valley of Dreams," by Mr. H. Hayden Sands, is a volume of lyrics possessing much meditative charm and a considerable degree of technical excellence. A representative poem is the following:

"Why shed the bitter tears of Death  
 For that which cannot be;  
 Why long to linger in the breath  
 Of brief Mortality.  
 A brighter Star shall light the Night—  
 A gladder ending crowns the Fight."

"Should we lament the fading rose?  
 The rose shall once more bloom,  
 The smiling flower that upgrows  
 Around To-morrow's tomb,  
 Though unperceived unto our eyes  
 Fairer shall bloom to other skies."

"And when at last we two shall pass  
 Into the great Unknown,  
 And coming flowers through the grass  
 Their deathless seed have sown,  
 We, too, shall see a brighter day,  
 Brighter than all long passed away."

We note an occasional tendency to resort to eccentricities of diction, of which the following are illustrations:

"With kisses sweet she tended it,  
And 'neath its fragrant boon,  
Within her wild hair bended it  
And sangeth to the moon."

"What a joyous life is yours!  
What a life of thoughtless hours!  
Winging on your pleasant tours,  
Through Midsummer's fragrant bowers."

"From her tresses all woven and spangled,  
With those drops the night mignonettes wear,  
I caught from the odor which tangled,  
My heart as a rose in her hair,  
The attolent Love that was there, —  
That Pain of all Pains that was there."

The last example is rather cheap Poe, the second turns liberty to license in the matter of pronunciation, and of the first we can do no better than repeat a memorable dictum, and say: "This will never do." Nevertheless, Mr. Sands is no little of a poet, and we have read his verses with pleasure. Their form of publication is of a nature to delight the bookish sense.

"Old Lamps and New" is a volume of lyrics and sonnets by Dr. Edward Willard Watson. They are love songs for the most part, and the mingled joy and poignancy of belated love is their characteristic theme.

"The long gray shadows creep and closer fall,  
The cool night winds across the meadows call;  
High in the pallid sky the wan, white moon  
Swims slowly in the silence over all —  
Ah, Love, you weep that night must come so soon."

"The sweetness of thy love steals over me;  
Life never gave me love till I loved thee,  
Now, at the eve; I missed thee all the noon;  
So short they seem, the hours that yet may be —  
Ah, Love, you weep that night must come so soon."

"My arms are close around thee, and they press  
Unto my heart thy perfect loveliness;  
Shall I scorn Fortune's dear belated boon?  
Because the hours are few is joy the less? —  
Yet still you weep that death must come so soon."

A pretty fancy, but no particular depth of emotion, characterizes Mr. Bayne's volume of verse. "Afloat" is a pleasing example.

"Ah! could we ever drift and dream  
In these cool coverts of repose,  
The world, like yonder restless stream  
Which vainly sparkles as it flows,  
Would leave beneath thy sweet control  
The calmed Proponis of my soul."

"Still, if in this enchanted sphere  
No longer we may drift and dream,  
'Tis ours at least to wake and steer,  
'Tis ours to leave the restless stream,  
And twine from roses of to-day  
A garland for some happier May."

Sometimes, as in "There are other eyes in Spain," we have society verse pure and simple.

"There are other eyes in Spain, —  
Dark and dazzling eyes, Crucita,  
Rosebud lips which wait the rain  
Like the harvest for Demeter.  
Do not distance with disdain:  
There are other eyes in Spain."

Mr. Robert Chenault Givler is the author of a volume of "Poems," printed upon buff paper, and bearing no evidence of its place of origin. The contents are given over to musings and raptures, silvery moonlight and gentle melancholy, abstract questionings and meditations upon nature, life, love, and eternity. We quote these striking lines upon the "Violoncello":

"What hand first formed thee, Wind-harp of the soul?  
Not that of man; this scroll, these curves and strings  
Are faded memories of immortal things  
Our spirits saw ere Time began to roll  
His fretful stream 'twixt both eternities."

"What sound is that, which floats upon the breeze  
Like a lost star searching the cave of night  
For hiding place, to soothe its virgin light  
In the soft sobbing of the forest wind?  
The tremulous sound grows softer than the dew  
That slips between the leaves, and sweeter still  
Than sound of pebbles toyed by midnight rill."

These lines are undoubtedly poetry, and they represent only a fair average of the author's gift of expression.

"A Southern Flight" is a small volume of tender and graceful lyrics, the joint production of two singers whose note is always clear and pure. Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman signs "At Dusk."

"The air is filled with scent of musk  
Blown from the garden's court of bloom,  
Where rests the rose within her room  
And dreams her fragrance in the dusk."

"Above, attended by the stars,  
The full moon rises, round and white, —  
A boat in the blue Nile of night  
Drifting amid the nenuphars."

"And now the whippoorwill who knows  
A lyric ecstasy divine  
Begins his song. Ah! sweetheart mine,  
What shall love's answer be, my Rose?"

Mr. Clinton Scollard is the other poet, and he it is who thus sings "At Twilight":

"A little shallow silver urn,  
High in the west the new moon hung;  
Amid the palms a fountain flung  
Its snowy floss, and there, above,  
With its impassioned unconcern,  
A hidden bird discoursed of love."

"I felt your hand upon my arm  
Flutter as doth a thrush's wing,  
Then tighten. Sweet, how small a thing  
Draws kindred spirits heart to heart!  
More was that hour's elusive charm  
To us than eloquence or art."

Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott's "New World Lyrics and Ballads" includes several pieces in somewhat ruder measures than are acceptable to a sensitive ear, but contains also a few poems as good as any that the author has previously published. We are particularly impressed with the truth and high spiritual beauty of "The House of the Broken-Hearted."

"It is dark to the outward seeming,  
Wherever its walls may rise,  
Where the meadows are a-dreaming,  
Under the open skies,



Where at ebb the great world lies,  
Dim as a sea uncharted,  
Round the house of sorrow,  
The house of the broken-hearted.

"It is dark in the midst of the city,  
Where the world flows deep and strong,  
Where the coldest thing is pity,  
Where the heart wears out ere long,  
Where the plow-share of wrath and of wrong  
Trenches a ragged furrow,  
Round the house of the broken-hearted,  
The house of sorrow.

"But while the world goes unheeding  
The tenant that holds the lease,  
Or fancies him grieving and pleading  
For the thing which it calls peace,  
There has come what shall never cease  
Till there shall come no morrow  
To the house of the broken-hearted  
The house of sorrow.

"There is peace no pleasure can jeopard,  
It is so sure and deep,  
And there, in the guise of a shepherd,  
God doth him keep;  
He leads His beloved sheep  
To fold when the day is departed,  
In the house of sorrow,  
The house of the broken-hearted."

If we might make further quotations, they should be of "A Nest of Hepaticas."

"O Passion of the coming of the spring!  
When the light love has captured everything,  
When all the winter of the year's dry prose  
Is rhymed to rapture, rhythmized to the rose."

Or of the "Night Hymns on Lake Nepigon":

"Sing we the sacred ancient hymns of the churches,  
Chanted first in old-world nooks of the desert,  
While in the wild, pellucid Nepigon reaches  
Hunted the savage.

"Now have the ages met in the Northern midnight,  
And on the lonely, loon-haunted Nepigon reaches  
Rises the hymn of triumph and courage and comfort,  
*Adeste Fideles!*"

The Canadian poets certainly hold their own with our minstrels on this side of the border. As we opened the present review with the collected verse of one of our own most serious singers, so we will close it with "The Collected Poems of Wilfred Campbell," a poet whose inspiration is both strong and sustained. We set no particular store by the fact that an American Mæcenas has purchased an edition of this volume for distribution among the various libraries of his foundation. It is a fact useful for advertising purposes, just as President Roosevelt's recent laudation of "The Children of the Night" was useful, but in neither case does the distinction have any critical weight, for it might just as easily have fallen to some far less meritorious work. But Mr. Campbell's poetry, quite independently of this sort of uncritical patronage, deserves serious consideration, and the volume of it, now brought together, is surprisingly large. It is classified in eight divisions, of which the first, called "Elemental and Human Verse," comes perhaps the nearest to exhibiting the predominant notes of the

whole. In other words, nature and the soul of man are the lofty themes which inspire the poet throughout. But the nature of Mr. Campbell's interpretation is not the conventionalized and sophisticated affair of the bookish poet; it is the universal mother conceived of in her elemental and passionate characters, sung of in strains of intimate sympathy and rapturous communion. And his conception of the soul of man is that of "man the hopper, man the dreamer, the eternal child of delight and despair whose ideals are ever a lifetime ahead of his greatest accomplishments, who is the hero of nature and the darling of the ages. Because of this, true poetry will always be to him a language, speaking to him from the highest levels of his being, and a sort of translation from a more divine tongue emanating from the mystery and will of God." These words are taken from the dignified confession of poetical faith with which the collection is prefaced. Translated into verse a few pages further on, the thought thus takes form:

"Earth's dream of poetry will never die.  
It lingers while we linger, base or true—  
A part of all this being. Life may change,  
Old customs wither, creeds become as nought,  
Like autumn husks in rainwinds; men may kill  
All memory of the greatness of the past,  
Kingdoms may melt, republics wane and die,  
New dreams arise and shake this jaded world;  
But that rare spirit of song will breathe and live  
While beauty, sorrow, greatness hold for men  
A kinship with the eternal; until all  
That earth holds noble wastes and fades away."

The greater part of the work now collected has made a previous appearance in other forms, and we have more than once paid tribute to its sincerity and beauty. Besides this lyrical work, Mr. Campbell has to his account eight poetical dramas, which he promises to collect for us into a companion volume.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The "Portfolio" monographs, one of the most valuable series on artistic subjects in English, has recently, after several years' interregnum, given us matter for congratulation in the publication of Sir Walter Armstrong's volume on "The Peel Collection and the Dutch School of Painting" (Dutton). The purpose of the author, one of the most discriminating of art critics, is to refute that premature judgment of Ruskin which is quoted from the opening pages of his "Modern Painters" to the effect that "most pictures of the Dutch School, except always those of Rubens, Van Dyke, and Rembrandt, are ostentatious exhibitions of the artist's power of speech, the clear and vigorous elocution of useless and senseless words." Sir Walter doubts if this be true, and shows convincingly that the great Dutch painters speak "the same language as the great Italians of the sixteenth century or the great Athenians of

twenty centuries before." Although the book nominally deals only with the pictures in the Peel Collection, it is really a monograph on the whole Dutch School. In his treatment of the painters of still life, of landscape, and of portraits, the author makes clear who are the greatest masters in each group and gives his reasons for their rank. Among artists of the present day our critic will find ready sympathy for all that he says in regard to the slight importance of subject as compared with the supreme importance of style, of artistic worth. The chief difference between the Dutch and Italian artists, so Sir Walter argues, lies in their choice of subject. The landscapes and the models which these painters of the North portray are inferior in beauty to those which naturally served as material for the artists of the South. Yet no art has ever been condemned for the humbleness of its subject-matter. Among the many interesting points in this book are the author's illustrations of the familiar idea that a work of art is the interpretation of nature through the temperament of the artist. He makes another good point in what he says about the focus of a painting,—the size and character of the brush-strokes in relation to the size of the painting and to the distance proper to a correct view. Since this is not a history of painting, but a critical monograph, the author is perfectly justified in omitting discussion of certain important painters, as Hals and Rembrandt, who are not represented in the Peel Collection. The volume is perhaps the best contribution to the critical study of Dutch painting since the publication of "Les Maitres d'Autrefois" (1875). It will enhance the appreciation of these great painters. It is something new in the literature of art. Its criticism is fresh and stimulating. It is a book which every lover of the Dutch School should possess, in order to read and re-read.

*A practical  
believer in the  
Golden Rule.*

In his Introduction to the "Letters of Labor and Love," by the late Mayor Jones of Toledo, Mr. Brand Whitlock has said, better than can the reviewer, those things the reviewer would wish to say. And after a careful reading of these letters, written by "Golden Rule" Jones to his working-men, one feels that they must appeal to every fair-minded reader, as they do to Mr. Whitlock, as the simple and spontaneous expression of the beliefs of a spiritual-minded yet singularly practical man, with a generous and abiding faith in his fellow-men. The predominant idea of the book is that of liberty. There is scarcely a letter in which the writer does not recur to the thought of greater liberty and equality among men. The story of Mayor Jones's life is well known,—how he rose, as the result of an invention of his own, from the position of a humble worker in the oil-fields to a place of wealth and authority; how he educated himself in no mean manner; how he put in practice the beliefs that he formulated; how his life so won upon the people that he was elected to office again and again, over

the heads of party candidates; and how in his death he was mourned as many greater men are not. It was this living out and living up to his beliefs that won such results; he was no mere theorist, and having decided for himself what was the cause of much of the unhappiness in the world, he did his utmost to overcome this unhappiness by what he considered just and fair treatment of the working-man. These letters show plainly what were his principles of action: in one particularly ("Politics," written the next day after election, in 1900), he states his political belief in no uncertain terms.

"I am for a social and political order that will be true in every detail to the idea of Equality, that all men are created equal. I am for a social system that will grant to every baby born on the planet equality of opportunity with every other baby. I am against a system that destroys a few by making them inordinately rich, while it destroys many by making them inordinately poor. I am for peace, for harmony, for heaven; I am against war and hate and hell. I am against government by force anywhere, and for government by consent everywhere. . . . My only hope, and all of my hope, is in the patriotism of the people, the love of man for man; I have no hope in any kind of partyism."

A man who believed these things so strongly, who acted them out in his daily life to the best of his power and opportunity, who refused a nomination to Congress because he would not be bound by any party expectations or party ties; and who did his best to spread his ideas because he was convinced they were right, would always be sure of a following. As the most forcible and significant utterances of such a man, these letters should find a ready welcome not only among his admirers but also among all who are interested in the deeper problems of society. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

*A monumental  
edition of  
George Herbert.*

"There are few to whom this book will seem worth while," writes Professor George Herbert Palmer in the preface to his three-volume edition of the English works of George Herbert (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). "It embodies long labor, spent on a minor poet, and will probably never be read entire by anyone. But that is a reason for its existence. Lavishness is its aim. The book is a box of spikenard, poured in unappeasable love over one who has attended my life." The result of this great labor of love is probably the most minute and exhaustive edition of an English minor poet that has ever been published. Nearly one-half of the first volume is filled by a series of Introductory Essays dealing with matters essential to a general understanding of Herbert's poetry; such as the great events of his time, his life and character, the type of his religious verse, his style and technique. Most important of all is the essay explaining and justifying the manner in which Professor Palmer has arranged and grouped the poems. Chronology and subject-matter resolve them into twelve significant groups, to each of which special prefaces are furnished. Professor Palmer's essays are terse, direct, and pithy, felicitous in their combination of tireless scholarly research and infectious enthusiasm. The notes to the poems

are voluminous, but a simple classification makes selection among them easy. They include explanations of the text, cross-references to similar passages in Herbert or his contemporaries, and the most illuminating comments and illustrations that have been proposed by previous editors. The illustrations "attempt to exhibit whatever portions of Herbert's visible world have survived the centuries." They show his homes, the churches with which he was connected, his portraits, — including what was probably the original of them all, not hitherto published, — and many interesting facsimiles of his manuscripts and printed works. The prose writings are included partly for their intrinsic interest, but more for the light they throw upon the man and the poems, upon which it is Professor Palmer's great wish to concentrate attention. Type, paper, and binding are of the finest quality, so that no pains have been spared to make the new edition as notable in mechanical features as it is rich in scholarship and in inspiration. It will be long before the edition is superseded as a final effort to reconstruct the personality and interpret the vital message of George Herbert.

In Mrs. Kate V. St. Maur's "A Self-Experiences with a self-supporting supporting Home" (Macmillan), we find, not a book for the mere nature-lover, and certainly not one for or by the theoretical farmer, but one in which the author has endeavored to set down such results of her experiences as will help others who wish to make an attempt as earnest if not as extended as her own. She was moved to try to make a dream come true, and by means of advertising she obtained a farm of twelve acres, not far from the city, containing a number of old buildings and a small orchard. Her endeavor was to make this rented place support itself; and beginning with six setting hens, she gradually added ducks, guinea-hens, and rabbits, until the place became a veritable stock-farm, while at the same time the garden supplied the table, and the family savings soon purchased a cow. After the first year and a half she found herself able to bank the sum previously spent in living expenses. The chief thing is that, instead of experiencing discomfort and privations, the family lived in greater comfort and happiness than before. As might be expected, the book in which such experiences and triumphs are unfolded is quite different from the ordinary garden books, although it contains seasonable advice about the vegetable and fruit garden, the mushroom bed, the care and feeding of poultry, ducks, geese, guinea-hens, rabbits, the cow, pigeons, the family horse, bees, turkeys, pheasants, choice cats, and pigs. The author's directions are simple and untechnical, and generally clear, for she has borne in mind her own unfortunate experiences in consulting expert reference-books. There are also many suggestions and time-saving and labor-saving devices that only a woman would think of; so that, while the volume contains information useful for any amateur, it is preëminently of value to the woman who wishes to

undertake a small farm or to make an individual income by means of one or more of the pursuits described. Its arrangement is good, grouping under each month the work and preparations especially suited to the period, and summing up the author's ten-years' experience in the way most likely to be helpful to the reader. She writes with that tempered enthusiasm that is apt to be convincing; and although she takes her subject seriously, she allows herself occasional touches of humor. There are many illustrations from photographs, and a detailed table of contents, but no index.

*More of  
Sainte-Beuve's  
"Portraits"  
in English.*

The Messrs. Putnam's Sons, who last Fall brought out a two-volume selection from Sainte-Beuve's work entitled "Portraits of the Seventeenth Century," have done a further service to English readers by publishing in translation two uniform volumes of his "Portraits of the Eighteenth Century." Miss Katharine Wormeley, whose supple and finished rendering of Sainte-Beuve's delightfully spontaneous style commended itself to readers of the other series, has translated the "Portraits" contained in the first of the new volumes, and Mr. George Burnham Ives has done very acceptable work in the second. As before, the studies have been chosen with a view to representing the best of both the historic and the literary criticism of Sainte-Beuve. There have been slight omissions of passages lacking in present interest, and where several essays upon one person exist they have been combined, omitting repetitions. The volumes are illustrated with portraits, and handsomely bound in buckram. M. Edmond Scherer's appreciation of Sainte-Beuve, written in October, 1869, at the time of the latter's death, forms an illuminating introduction to the first volume. At a time when criticism has become a business rather than a vocation, it is worth while to recall M. Scherer's account of Sainte-Beuve's aims and methods, — of the slow but sure development of his critical bent, — and we must inevitably wonder, with him, whether "the royalty of letters is not fated to pass away like the other royalties," or whether out of the "general mediocrity" of English criticism there will ever arise another Sainte-Beuve. Meanwhile for delicacy, good taste, profundity of research, and brilliancy of finish, his work remains unique, and well deserves the tribute of adequate translation and sumptuous publication now being rendered it.

*A New England  
physician of  
the old school.*

One cannot read such a book as Dr. James Jackson Putnam's Memoir of Dr. James Jackson (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) without more than a passing regret for the days of the old-fashioned family physician. How curious now-a-days to read that Stephen Higginson engaged the young Dr. Jackson "to make daily visits to his wife and children, sick or well," — a plan which the present generation recognizes as Chinese rather than American. But Dr. Jackson was a man worthy of such responsibility, and soon



"made himself a trusted counsellor of the household in all matters, a part which he was destined to play eventually for many families of the town." No wonder that the "town" of Boston flourished, when such eminent talent guided the everyday affairs of its citizens! How gracious a character this office of counsellor-at-large developed in Dr. Jackson himself the present Memoir most readably sets forth. Dr. Holmes — his cousin of a younger generation — not only describes him in the two poems "A Portrait" and "The Morning Visit," but says of him, "I have seen many noted British and French and American practitioners, but I never saw the man so altogether admirable at the bedside of the sick as Dr. James Jackson." As able in administration and in teaching as in practice, Dr. Jackson was one of the founders of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and the first to occupy the chair of clinical medicine in the Harvard Medical School. Dr. Putnam's Memoir is in many respects an ideal biography, not only because it presents a most attractive character satisfactorily, but because it makes the background of people and places, from which that character emerged, just clear enough. About one third of the volume is devoted to Dr. Jackson's ancestors and brothers, a proportion not too large in view of the important part they played in the early history of Massachusetts.

*The idolatry of wealth in America.*

Dr. Washington Gladden's latest book "The New Idolatry" (McClure, Phillips & Co.) is "a volume of discussions in protest against the commercializing of government, of education, and of religion; against the growing tendency in Church and State to worship power and forget the interests of justice and freedom; against the dethronement of God and the enthronement of Mammon." The author's ideas are elaborated under such headings as "Tainted Money," "Shall Ill-gotten Gains be Sought for Christian Purposes?" "Standard Oil and the Christian Missions," "The Ethics of Luxurious Expenditure," etc. Those who know Dr. Gladden's way of dealing with great questions of social morality will not expect, on finishing this book, to be left in any doubt as to his meaning or his position, so lucid and trenchant is the style, so fearless and uncompromising the spirit of the man. His present message, however needed, is not a new one. For many years past, from his pulpit and church-tower study in the city of Columbus, his ringing words have sped through the land, and have fought a good fight. The second paper, "Tainted Money," as he quietly reminds his readers, was published in "The Outlook" in November, 1895. The one on "Rights and Duties" was a Commencement address delivered at the University of Michigan in 1902. Another, on "The New Century and the New Nation," bears date of 1900. Most of them his parishioners have, sooner or later, heard as sermons; and they can testify to the profound impression made by these utterances, when moulded into oral form by a rich, persuasive voice, and weighted

and driven home by the compulsion of thorough conviction. On February 11 Dr. Gladden was seventy years young; but through many years or few he will not cease to bear spoken and written witness to the truth as he sees it and lives it.

*Authoritative chapters on the vocal art.*

Mr. David Ffrangeon Davies's treatise on "The Singing of the Future" (John Lane Co.) is a direct and serious appeal to the English-speaking singer. The author argues that voice and the singing instinct — regarded from the physical point of view — are comparatively scarce; but that they are plentiful enough, if men gave greater heed to their psychic powers, to supply us with a larger number of lasting and suggestive types of singers than we now possess. The singing instinct is more general, and musical ability more latently plentiful, than many of us imagine, — as witness the behavior of an audience under the influence of a Reeves or a Joachim. And the germ being there, the step between appreciation and performance is not insurmountable. Given a fairly keen sense of pitch and rhythm, — in other words, modest musical intuition and capacity for work, — and singing becomes a mere matter of practical development, under the guidance of linguistic and imaginative thought. The strongest recommendation which Mr. Davies makes as the ideal of the singer is to strive for mastery over all types of human expression, with verisimilitude as the guiding principle. This implies that voice culture cannot be regarded as something apart from general culture; and the singer who would satisfy the highest demands of his profession should not confine his study within the bounds of the art to which he is primarily devoted. The artist should not beguile his audience with lovely and sensuous tone merely because the power happens to be within his natural gifts, — he should not overawe with physical prowess to the detriment of linguistic purity. One notices the touch of sincerity in Mr. Davies's work, and his chapters on "Tone," "Breathing," and "Style" may be profitably read by musicians as well as singers.

*Romance and history of an Italian valley.*

The person of sensibility who could remain unmoved by the picturesque charm, the historic association, the artistic treasures, and the religious history of the Casentino, would doubtless be hard to find. But harder still to discover is the pen that could do justice to that poetic valley. Miss Ella Noyes, in her book called "The Casentino and its Story" (Dutton) is not lacking in the enthusiasm that all but the insensate must feel — an enthusiasm that has led her to make most careful exploration, patient investigation, and loving exposition of the scenes and memories of the favored region. Unfortunately, this enthusiasm, and the luxury of indulging a very lively historic imagination, have betrayed the author into generalizations and theories that a scientific analysis of history will not always justify; and her descriptions of scenery have an exuberance that detracts

somewhat from their descriptive value. To cover in a volume of 323 pages one of the most picturesque valleys of Italy, which is at the same time a great religious centre both past and present, the scene of a part of the exile of Italy's greatest poet as well as the former home of some of the most important families in Tuscan Middle Age history, is no light task. Perhaps we should not be surprised that the charcoal-burners, who are among the chief charms of the modern Casentino, are dismissed with only casual mention in two places in the text. In view of the difficulty of portraying the Casentino adequately in words, one is grateful to find the pen so artistically supplemented by the brush. Miss Dora Noyes's illustrations, twenty-five in color and twenty-four line, really are illustrations, for they give an accurate idea of the country; but they are also much more than mere illustrations, for they have poetic feeling and imagination, and they add materially to the charm of the volume.

*Shall the earth  
be kept still  
habitable?*

A great deal has been written in regard to man's duty toward the future State and the citizens thereof. The rights of the child, the rights of the community, the rights of art, have all been discussed, with reference not only to the needs of the present generation but of those to come. The factor that is least considered is the earth itself, and our obligations toward a proper husbanding of its resources. Nothing in law or economics can have a more important bearing on the welfare of posterity than material conditions, the soil, the sea, the mines, from which are drawn in various ways most of the power and subsistence necessary to the life of man. Yet the duty that one generation owes to another in the matter of the proper fertilization of agricultural lands, the preservation of forests, economical methods of mining, careful regard for the life-habits of fishes and game, is seldom urged. This duty is the theme of Professor Nathaniel Shaler's latest book, which he calls "Man and the Earth" (Fox, Duffield & Co.). It is impossible to support theories as to future conditions of land and sea by statistics, because of the varying processes governing these conditions. But Professor Shaler, with his wide knowledge of natural sciences, is in the best possible position to draw conclusions from existing states. As a result, he has written an interesting little book, which will repay reading, and which, it is to be hoped, will result in directing attention to the vital subject of which it treats.

*The history of  
our smallest  
commonwealth.*

The history of our smallest commonwealth has been a stormy one, owing largely to the peculiar ideas of its founders and the circumstances of its founding. Rhode Island was the refuge of those New England men and women who were so extreme in their views and positions that they were driven out of the other colonies. It was largely a collection of idealists, cranks, and enthusiasts; and the policy of the com-

monwealth that grew out of the combination was necessarily individualistic. From the days of Roger Williams down to recent times, separatism has been a marked characteristic of the little state. The result of this has been a history full of internal strife and of opposition to national tendencies. There was much that was selfish and mean in these struggles, so that the state was a thorn in the side of the statesmen who were building up the nation. But Rhode Island history has also its glories, the greatest being its consistent policy of religious toleration when the world was intolerant. This history has been written anew by Mr. Irving E. Richman for the "American Commonwealths" series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). While the book is loaded with names unimportant to the general reader, still the main points of the history are clearly brought out, and the volume is a compact and useful summary.

*Legends of the  
Italian saints.*

"Il Libro D'Oro of those whose Names are Written in the Lamb's Book of Life" is the curious title of a curious piece of translation from the Italian, done by Mrs. Francis Alexander. It consists of a mass of miracle stories and sacred legends written by the fathers of the Church and published in Italy in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. The collection is made up from four sources: "Selections from the Lives of the Holy Fathers, together with the Spiritual Field," dated Venice, 1623; "Selections from the Lives of the Saints and Beati of Tuscany," Florence, 1627; "Selections from the Wonders of God in His Saints," Bologna, 1593; and "Flowers of Sanctity," Venice, 1726. The extracts generally take the form of brief narratives, each having a title of its own. As a whole, the book will undoubtedly appeal to a limited and definite class of readers, but the legends are picturesque enough to make a casual dipping into the treasures of the book decidedly pleasurable. The English rendering of the text is simple and graceful. Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. publish the book in attractive outward form.

#### NOTES.

"The Life of Christ," by Dr. Alexander Stewart, is a new volume in the "Temple Series of Bible Handbooks," published by the Messrs. Lippincott.

A monograph "On the Limits of Descriptive Writing apropos of Lessing's Laocoön," by Professor Frank Egbert Bryant, is a recent pamphlet publication of the Ann Arbor Press.

In the "Englische Textbibliothek (Heidelberg: Winter), we have an edition of Longfellow's "Evangeline," edited by Dr. Ernst Sieper. The editorial apparatus is very full, and includes a valuable "Geschichte der Englischen Hexameters."

Four new volumes in the "English Classics" of Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. are the following: Irving's "Sketch Book," edited by Professor Brander Matthews and Mr. Armour Caldwell; Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," edited by Professor Franklin T. Baker;

Franklin's "Autobiography," edited by Professor William B. Cairns; and "Select Poems of Robert Browning," edited by Mr. Percival Chubb.

"The Place of Magic in the Intellectual History of Europe," by Dr. Lynn Thorndike, is an interesting monograph in the historical series of Columbia University publications.

"Milton's Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," with an introduction by Dr. Glen Levin Swiggett, is a very pretty booklet published in a limited edition at the University Press of Sewanee, Tennessee.

"A Check List of Mammals of the North American Continent, the West Indies, and the Neighboring Seas," prepared by Dr. Daniel Giraud Elliot, is a recent publication of the Field Columbian Museum. It is a work of over seven hundred pages, recording upwards of thirteen hundred species.

"Studies in Moro History, Law, and Religion," by Mr. Najeeb M. Saleeby, is a pamphlet publication of the United States Ethnological Survey printed at Manila. Another number of this series contains "The Naboloi Dialect," by Mr. Otto Scheerer, and "The Bataks of Palawan," by Mr. Edward Y. Miller.

"Inaugural Addresses of the Presidents of the United States from Johnson to Roosevelt," edited by Mr. John Vance Cheney, is published by Messrs. R. R. Donnelley & Sons, Chicago, as the third volume of their "Lake-side Classics." The preceding volume, it will be remembered, reprinted the inaugural addresses from Washington to Lincoln.

Two new volumes in the Astronomical Series of University of Pennsylvania publications give us the results of two years' observation with the Zenith Telescope of the Flower Observatory, and the measure of 1066 double and multiple stars. For the first-named series of observations Mr. Charles L. Doolittle is responsible; for the other, Mr. Eric Doolittle.

Of the three papers included in the October "University Studies" of the University of Nebraska, the one that is of most interest to our readers is that in which Professor C. W. Wallace prints and discusses certain "Newly-Discovered Shakespeare Documents." The documents are three in number, and of a legal character. They were found by Professor Wallace in the archives of the Public Record Office.

Tennyson's "In Memoriam," published in something like "Golden Treasury" garb by the Macmillan Co., is an edition "annotated by the author." This means, in the words of the present Lord Tennyson, that the "notes were left by my father partly in his own handwriting, and partly dictated to me." Since there are some twenty-five pages of them, they are a valuable addition to our apparatus for the study of the poem, and will serve to decide many a disputed point. A lengthy introduction by the poet's son is also included, embodying the opinions of several of Tennyson's most famous contemporaries, and giving a fairly clear statement of his religious attitude. It will be evident from our description that this is a very precious little book.

"The Musician's Library," published by the Oliver Ditson Co., grows apace. It now numbers a score of volumes, about equally divided between compositions for voice and for piano. The latest of these volumes are two containing "Songs and Airs by George Frideric Handel," edited by Mr. Ebenezer Prout. The first volume contains pieces for high voice, and the second pieces for low voice. The introductory matter is the

same for both volumes, and consists of a carefully-written critical and biographical study, besides a chronological index. There are eighty selections in all, forty for each volume. Six are from "Messiah," and five each from "Samson" and "Judas Maccabeus." Vocalists will be most grateful for the operatic arias, which are far less accessible than the numbers representing the oratorios.

A most interesting and important publishing enterprise is announced by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. in conjunction with Messrs. Dent of London. This is a series of reprints, under the general title of "Everyman's Library," of the great books in every department of literature, carefully edited, handsomely printed and bound, and sold at the low price of fifty cents a volume. Mr. Ernest Rhys is general editor of the series, and critical introductions to the various volumes will be supplied by such writers as Augustine Birrell, Andrew Lang, Lord Avebury, A. C. Swinburne, G. K. Chesterton, Herbert Paul, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Richard Garnett, Hilaire Belloc, and George Saintsbury. That the mechanical form of the volumes will be the best that modern methods of printing, paper-making, and binding can produce is assured by Mr. Dent's connection with the plan. The series is to be published in quarterly instalments of about fifty volumes each, the first of which will appear next month. We trust this undertaking will meet the wide popular success that it is sure to deserve.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 57 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

#### BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- Mary Queen of Scots: Her Environment and Tragedy.** By T. F. Henderson. In 2 vols., illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, gilt tops. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$6. net.
- The Life of Queen Henrietta Maria.** By I. A. Taylor. Second edition; in 2 vols., illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, gilt tops. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$7.50 net.
- Descartes: His Life and Times.** By Elizabeth S. Haldane. Illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 388. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4.50 net.
- Days of the Past: A Medley of Memories.** By Alexander Innes Shand. Large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 319. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.
- Russell Wheeler Davenport: Father of Rowing at Yale. Maker of Guns and Armor Plate.** With photogravure portrait, large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 79. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.
- Chopin: As Revealed by Extracts from his Diary.** By Count Stanislas Tarnowski; trans. from the Polish by Natalie Janotha; edited by J. T. Tanqueray. Illus., 16mo, pp. 69. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1. net.

#### HISTORY.

- A History of the Inquisition of Spain.** By Henry Charles Lea, LL.D. Vol. I., large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 620. Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.
- Ancient Records of Egypt: Historical Documents from the Earliest Times to the Persian Conquest.** Collected, edited, and translated, with commentary, by James Henry Breasted, Ph.D. Vol. I., The First to the Seventeenth Dynasties. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 344. University of Chicago Press. \$3. net.
- The Russian Court in the Eighteenth Century.** By Fitzgerald Molloy. In 2 vols., illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, gilt tops. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$6. net.
- England under the Normans and Angevins, 1066-1272.** By H. W. C. Davis. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 577. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3. net.
- A History of the United States.** By Elroy McKendree Avery. Vol. II., illus. in color, etc., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 458. Burrows Bros. Co.



**American Political History, 1783-1876.** By Alexander Johnston; edited and supplemented by James Albert Woodburn. Part II., 1820-76. 8vo, pp. 598. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2. net.

#### GENERAL LITERATURE.

**The Development of the Feeling for Nature in the Middle Ages and Modern Times.** By Alfred Biese. 12mo, pp. 376. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2. net.

**The Building of the City Beautiful.** By Joaquin Müller. With photogravure frontispiece, 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 243. Trenton: Albert Brandt. \$1.50 net.

**The Miracles of Our Lady Saint Mary.** Brought out of divers tongues and newly set forth in English by Evelyn Underhill. With photogravure frontispiece, 8vo, uncut, pp. 308. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2. net.

**Hymn Treasures.** By Grace Morrison Everett. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 163. Jennings & Graham. \$1.25.

#### NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

**Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln.** Edited by John G. Nicolay and John Hay. New and enlarged edition. Vols. I. and II., with photogravure frontispieces, 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. New York: Francis D. Tandy Co. (Sold only in sets of 12 vols., by subscription.)

**The Poetical Works of Lord Byron.** Edited, with a Memoir, by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, pp. 1048. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

**The Faerie Queene.** By Edmund Spenser. In 2 vols., with photogravure frontispieces, 24mo, gilt tops. "Caxton Thin Paper Series." Charles Scribner's Sons. Leather, \$2.50 net.

**In Memoriam.** By Alfred Lord Tennyson. Annotated by the author. 16mo, uncut, pp. 265. Macmillan Co. \$1. net.

**"Ground Arms!" ("Die Waffen Nieder!")**: A Romance of European War. By Baroness Bertha von Suttner; trans. from the German by Alice Asbury Abbott. Sixth edition; with portrait. 12mo, pp. 313. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

**Axel and Valborg: An Historical Tragedy in Five Acts.** Trans. from the Danish and German of Adam Oehlenschläger by Frederick Strange Kolls. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 120. Grafton Press.

**Wordsworth's Guide to the Lakes.** Fifth Edition (1835). Edited by Ernest de Selincourt. Illus., 16mo, gilt top, pp. 203. Oxford University Press. 90 cts. net.

#### FICTION.

**The Great Refusal.** By Maxwell Gray. 12mo, pp. 438. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

**The Eternal Spring.** By Neith Boyce. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 403. Fox, Duffield & Co. \$1.50.

**The Quickenings.** By Francis Lynde. Illus., 12mo, pp. 407. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.

**The Lake.** By George Moore. 12mo, pp. 309. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

**The One Who Saw.** By Headon Hill. Illus., 12mo, pp. 379. New York: B. W. Dodge & Co. \$1.50.

**Micky.** By Olin L. Lyman. 12mo, pp. 241. Richard G. Badger. \$1.25.

#### THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

**The Finality of the Christian Religion.** By George Burman Foster. Large 8vo, pp. 518. University of Chicago Press. \$4. net.

**The History of Early Christian Literature: The Writings of the New Testament.** By Baron Hermann von Soden, D.D.; trans. by Rev. J. R. Wilkinson, M.A.; edited by Rev. W. D. Morrison, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 476. "Crown Theological Library." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

**The Religion of Christ in the Twentieth Century.** 12mo, pp. 197. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

**The Gospel in the Gospels.** By William Porcher Du Bose, M.A. 12mo, pp. 299. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

**Sermon Briefs.** By Henry Ward Beecher; transcribed from the author's manuscript notes of unpublished discourses, and edited by John R. Howard and Truman J. Killenwood. 8vo, pp. 263. Pilgrim Press.

**The Religion of Numa, and Other Essays on the Religion of Ancient Rome.** By Jesse Benedict Carter. 12mo, uncut, pp. 199. Macmillan Co. \$1. net.

**The Ecclesiastical Edicts of the Theodosian Code.** By William K. Boyd, Ph.D. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 132. "Columbia University Publications." Macmillan Co. Paper.

**The Child in the Church.** Edited by Horatio N. Ogden, A.M. 16mo, pp. 53. Jennings & Graham. 35 cts. net.

**The Best Address Ever Made: An Exposition of the Fifteenth Chapter of Luke.** By Rev. Rhys E. Lloyd, M.A. 24mo, pp. 47. Chicago: Hays-Cushman Co. 25 cts.

#### ART AND MUSIC.

**Etchings of Charles Meryon.** Text by Hugh Stokes. Illus., 4to. "The Master Etchers." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

**Old Pewter.** By Malcolm Bell. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 186. "Newnes' Library of the Applied Arts." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

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#### REFERENCE.

**Who's Who in America, 1906-7.** Edited by John W. Leonard. 8vo, pp. 2080. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co. \$3.50.

**Who's Who, 1906: An Annual Biographical Dictionary.** 16mo, pp. 1978. Macmillan Co. \$2. net.

#### EDUCATION.

**First Science Book: Physics and Chemistry.** By Lothrop D. Higgins, Ph.B. Illus., 16mo, pp. 237. Ginn & Co. 65 cts.

**The Choral Song Book.** Edited and arranged by William M. Lawrence and Frederick H. Pease. 8vo, pp. 225. Rand, McNally & Co. 50 cts.

**Berry's Writing Books.** In 4 parts, illus. in color, etc., oblong 12mo. Chicago: B. D. Berry & Co.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**Congress of Arts and Science, Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1904.** Edited by Howard J. Rogers, A.M. Vol. I., large 8vo, pp. 627. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.50 net.

**The Central Tian-Shan Mountains, 1902-3.** By Dr. Gottfried Merzbacher. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 285. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.

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**The Physical Nature of the Child, and How to Study It.** By Stuart H. Rowe, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 211. Macmillan Co. 50 cts. net.

**Great-Grandma's Looking-Glass.** By Blanche Nevins; illus. by Annis Dunbar Jenkins. Large 8vo. Robert Grier Cooke. Paper.

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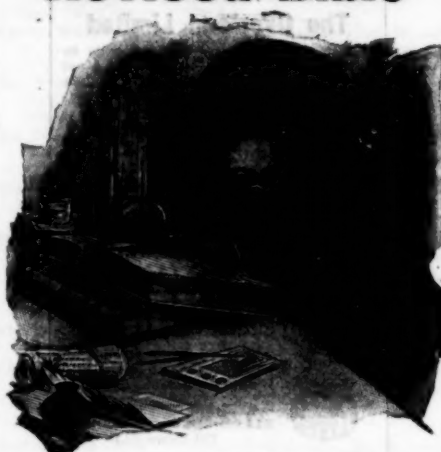
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